

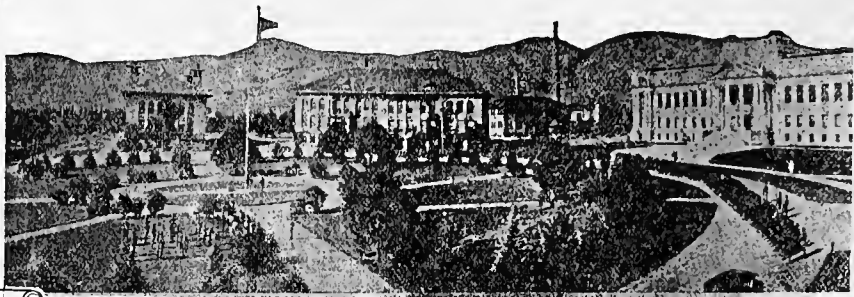
THE
Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 54

AUGUST, 1919

NO. 8





The People of this State
have invested upwards of
\$1,500,000.00
at the
University of Utah

In buildings, apparatus, libraries, laboratories, etc.

Are you securing your dividends from this tremendous investment?

The University reaches out every opportunity to the young people of the state to prepare larger and more useful service.

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School of Education
School of Law
School of Medicine

School of Commerce and Finance
State School of Mines and
Engineering
Extension Division

University of Utah
Salt Lake City



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Our instructors are experienced, they take a keen interest in the progress of stu-

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Strong degree and vocational courses will be offered in the schools of:

Agriculture Agricultural Engineering
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The College catalog and Art Booklet describing the work of the institution are available for free distribution. Write for them, indicating in what work you are interested. Address: The President's Office, Utah Agricultural College, Logan, Utah.

SAY THAT YOU SAW IT IN THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

My Soldier Boy

[To the Mothers of our Fallen Heroes]

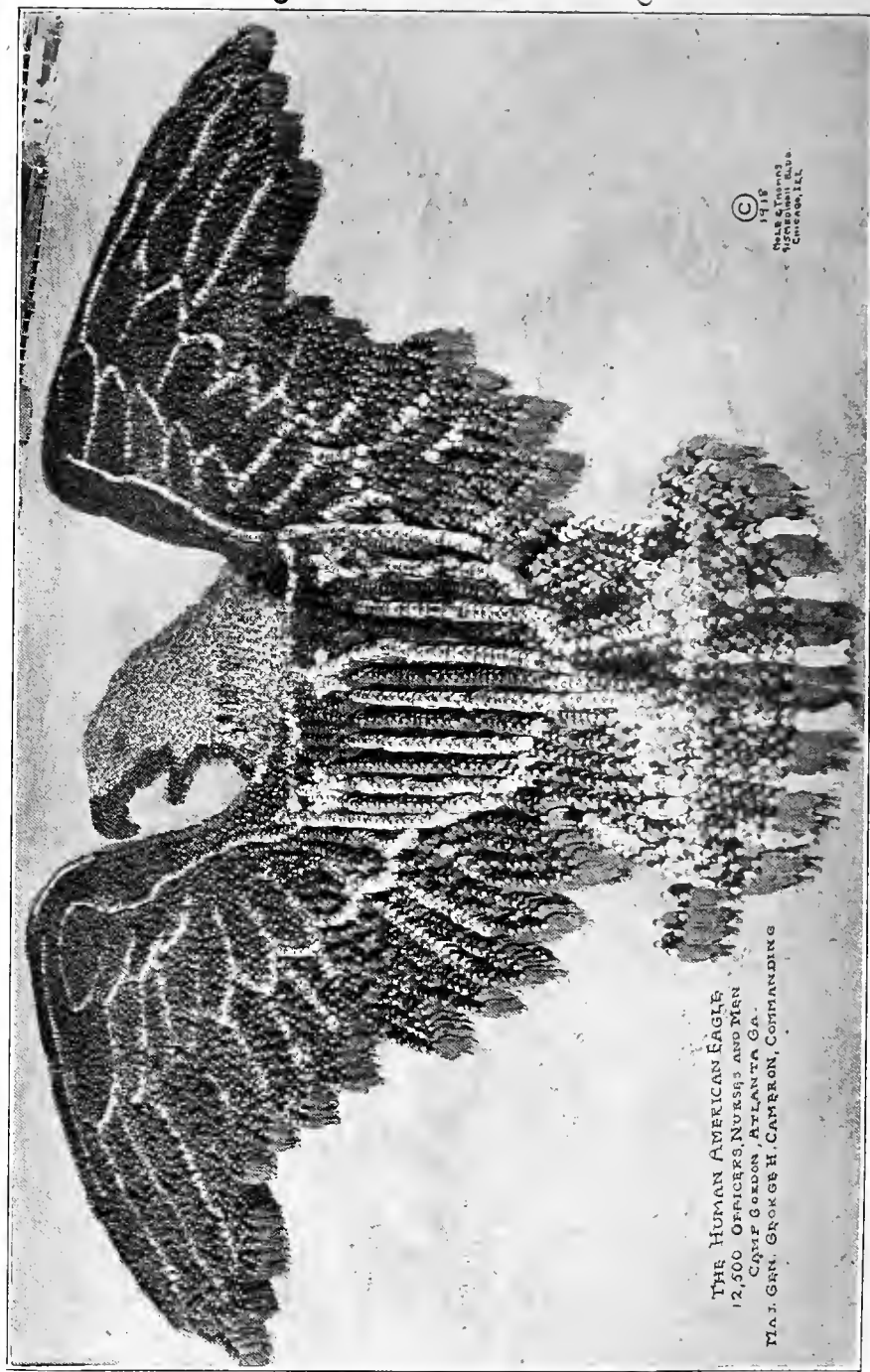
By Annie Malin

As you sleep so sound in your quiet grave,
In that land so far away,
Can you hear my whisper soft and low
In the breeze at the close of day?
As the grasses wave, and the daisies nod,
While the wild-birds sing for joy,
Do they tell of the love in your mother's heart?
Do you hear them, my soldier boy?
Soft and low, soft and low,
The birds still sing, the flowers blow—
Do they tell of the pride, the hope, the joy,
That are buried there with my soldier boy?

As you sleep in peace in that far-off land
My heart is a-quiver with pain;
My head is bowed, my hands are still—
My prayers have been in vain.
Oh the weary longing, the agony
More bitter than tongue can tell!
Can you hear me, my boy, my soldier boy,
In the place where the heroes dwell?
Soft and low, soft and low,
The birds still sing, while I cry in my woe.
Do they tell of the pride, the hope, the joy,
That are buried there with my soldier boy?

Oh! my soldier boy, as I sit and grieve
A whisper comes on the breeze;
A feeling of peace steals o'er my heart,
And I fall on my bended knees.
"It was not in vain, the sacrifice,
In the world there are hope and joy."
You fought to win them, the price you paid,
My hero, my soldier boy!
Soft and sweet, soft and sweet,
I feel you are near me, in Heav'n we will meet!
And still in the world there are hope and joy
Which you died to give it, my soldier boy.

In the future years as I journey on
Waiting to join you there,
I shall fancy I feel your loving kiss
And your fingers on my hair.
I shall feel you near in that quiet hour,
That comes ever before the light,
I shall hear your voice, your tender voice
In the hush of the solemn night.
Soft and sweet, soft and sweet,
The time will be short 'till my boy I will meet.
There is pride in my heart, and hope and joy—
You proved you were worthy—my soldier boy!



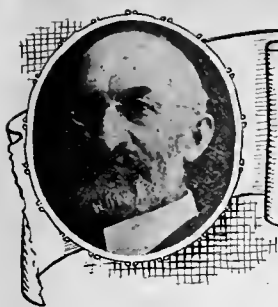
THE HUMAN AMERICAN EAGLE
 12,500 OFFICERS, NURSES AND MEN
 CAMP GORDON, ATLANTA GA.
 MAJ. GEN. GEORGE H. CAMERON, COMMANDING

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 COLUMBIA, ILL.

THE HUMAN AMERICAN EAGLE

Formed of 12,500 Officers, Nurses and Men. Taken at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia. Major General George H. Cameron, Commanding.

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The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



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No. 8

The Pioneer Forest Farm House

By Susa Young Gates

A few years after settling in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, Brigham Young decided that a farm in the outskirts of Salt Lake City was necessary for his large family and their various needs. A pioneer farm house of adobe was built, with a milk and cheese house a few feet away, the two connected by a closed porchway. Here one of his wives, "Aunt" Susan Snively, lived, cooking for the men who attended to the farm, and directing the making of the cheese and butter with the care of poultry also. Aunt Susan was an excellent Yankee cook and a thrifty home-maker, and she invested this farm house with an air of comfort and peace. Others of his wives were here at times for a year or more. Aunt Emily Partridge Young lived there in 1869, while my mother Lucy Bigelow Young lived in the old farm house one year with her two little girls. In the year 1862 President Young decided to build a modern cottage of generous proportions, and what was known as "The Farm House" was completed and dedicated sometime in the closing of the year 1862 or the beginning of 1863. Aunt Susan Snively Young, with Lucy Bigelow Young, the two wives who had lived in the primitive farm house, moved into the new structure, although the latter stayed but a short

while and soon returned to the Lion House.

The farm house was the center of a generous tract of land with meadows, fields of grain, and in two sections of it growing forests of mulberry and black locust trees which President Young designed on a mammoth scale to demonstrate the possibility of establishing sericulture in the state in the case of the mulberry trees and of localizing the black locust, which, in his opinion, would make excellent native timber for domestic furniture.

Here on the farm, half way between the outer gates and the farm house, was built the "Cocoonery," and in 1867, 1868 and 1869 Aunt Zina D. H. Young spent her toilsome time in the summers caring for the vast culture of worms which developed into the surprising and successful movement in sericulture to which the state was finally committed in the shape of generous bounties.

The wonderful new farm house became not only the home of the men and women who attended to the livestock and produce of the farm place, but it was the scene also of occasional summer and winter festivities on the most generous scale. For a number of years the New Year's day was celebrated by President Young

and his numerous family with a few of his closest associates in all-night parties at the farm house. It was here that President Young brought, upon two occasions, the famous actress, Julia Dean Hayne, as a guest on these festal occasions; it was in her honor that the sleigh was named—the mammoth long sleigh with its high driver's seat, its green painted sides outspringing in graceful curves and holding in its capacious hay-and-buffalo-robe-filled-box a bevy of nearly fifty children of various ages, but all bubbling with laughter and excitement over the expected festivities in the holiday seasons. Drawn by six spirited horses, all jingling and jangling with the most musical of sleigh-bells, the driver's long whip used skillfully and delicately on the glossy sides of the prancing teams, the brilliant stars overhead saw no merrier sight than this sleigh full of infinite happiness just behind the President's cutter and followed by the more dignified sleighs holding the mothers of these children on their way for a gala night at the farm house.

Entering the front door they were at once in the dining-room with its odorless breaths of mince-pies and bake-ovens of roast beef with the more delicate aroma of stewing chickens and squash pies; the hungry children were crowded through the dining-room into the great central sitting-room and they raced upstairs to remove neck comforters and cloaks with the heavy outer woolen stockings, which served as both leggings and overshoes, that they might race the faster back and into the long dancing hall which spread across the south end of the house. In the sitting-room was the wonderful music-box whose exquisite selections from "Il Trovatore" and the "Swiss Echo Song," trilled and pealed along its curved and pin-pointed rollers in the most mysterious and uncanny fashion. Here, too, were the winged rocking chairs of home

manufacture, rush bottomed, feather cushioned and anta-macassared in the latest approved pioneer fashion. This spacious sitting-room in later years was graced with a "store" carpet of ingrain weave with conventional patterns popular in the early sixties.

The small band of musicians sat in the end of the hall and sometimes even the music-box was sufficient for eager couples to "sachet to the right," "balance on the corner" and "all promenade!" "Jim" Currie was the popular caller of the day and the President's son-in-law, Hyrum B. Clawson, was a past grand master at floor-managing and, indeed, as the master of ceremonies, on all such occasions.

Here the Ten Big Girls came with their crowds of beaux, usually brought down in individual cutters, or at most in double sleighs beneath the warm shelter of soft buffalo robes. Here also came the First Presidency as invited guests. President Heber C. Kimball's shining bald head and dome of unguessed and uncharted questions and humorous quips which were shot into unsuspecting and absorbed young couples or tossed with scintillant humor across the groaning supper table as he fenced merrily with his beloved leader and friend, Brigham Young. Uncle George A. Smith, genial and whole-souled, bore upon his own head the most finished product of pioneer tonsorial art whose flowing brown tresses were cut from his own niece's luxurious locks and woven into the famous pioneer wig. His was the hand and the voice that poured oil upon the troubled waters, that soothed the aching heart and bound up the wounds of both public disagreement and private grief.

As always, there were the occasional resting places in the festivities when a good story teller was brought out, the singers—and all the Youngs were singers—were heard in ballad or choral music; these intermissions were always rounded off with stirring pa-

triotic and apt remarks from the President or his associate brethren applicable to the time and place.

The farm house served an even greater purpose than the special one for which it was designed, for it embodied the realizations of a domestic ideal which carried its message, through example, into every hamlet and home in the Church. No need to urge the elders of Israel to "live with the children," to "get back to nature," to "find God through flowers and fields and clouds." The great Pioneer preached his sermons, taught his lesson, rounded out his pedagogical instructions in God's own way by himself doing, himself being all that he

hoped and wished for the elders of Israel to do and to be. The old farm house was a beacon light and shining ensample to all Israel and to the world itself during the years of its active existence. At the death of its owner, in 1877, the farm house naturally lost much of its purpose and scope. Passing through various changes it now stands as an ancient land mark and concrete expression of an ideal, a purpose, a vision. All those who ever sheltered 'neath its roof or partook of its generous hospitality loved the old Forest Farm for what it was and for what it is. May the Lord and His servants perpetuate its usefulness amongst His people.

Isle of "Aloha"

Isle of "Aloha," just singing of thee
Roams my lithe fancy across the blue sea,
Plays like the zephyr among the fair bowers.
Feels the cool touch of those goldenest showers.
Sweet are thine hours so balmy and free,
Isle of "Aloha," just longing for thee.

Smile of the children I often have known,
Fresh by the graces of mem'ry I own,
Never forgotten and never forlorn
Whispers at evening and laughter at morn.
Take then, O dear ones, fond greeting for me,
Friends of "Aloha," just longing for thee!

Isle of "Aloha," my tribute shall be
Garland of constancy cherished for thee;
Out of the years as they come, as they glide,
Peace of thine hours with my spirit abide,
Summer-clad vision across the blue sea,
Isle of "Aloha"—"Aloha" to thee!

Minnie Iverson Hodapp.

A Chosen Heir

By Minnie Iverson Hodapp

VIII.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

"Stephen, Stephen! Come here!"

It was my uncle calling in his deep yet clear voice from the library. I hastened to answer, for, it being the morning of his return home, I anticipated a most pleasant reunion.

Picture a stout, erect man standing in the middle of the room with arms tightly folded over his chest. He turned his resolute face full on me. Then, with a flash of his steel-grey eyes:

"Stephen," he began, "Cousin Bjerg tells me that you have joined the Mormon Church."

"I have done so," answered I, calmly.

His manner now revealed extreme agitation of mind. Never before had I seen his feelings so wrought upon. He paced the full length of the room. Then, with an effort at self-control he took a seat and said:

"Speak now for yourself and tell me all about it."

I began:

"Dear Uncle, I have joined the best church in the world. It has the same organization that existed in the church that Jesus established when He was upon the earth. In fact, it is the very same gospel Jesus taught. It has been revealed and restored by the Prophet Joseph Smith to us who live now and will obey it. Joseph was greatly favored of the Lord for he received many visions and revelations pertaining to this great work. He also brought to light an ancient record written or engraven upon plates of gold. Joseph was directed to them by the Angel Moroni. At a certain time the prophet received them from the angel and was permitted to translate them into a choice volume now called 'The Book of Mormon.' This book gives the history of the people who formerly dwelt upon the western con-

tinents. It also contains the doctrines of the everlasting gospel.

"The Church of Jesus Christ possesses authority from God, or Priesthood. By this power men may minister in sacred ordinances and act for God in His name. Without the Priesthood there could be no real Gospel.

"By diligent obedience to the principles of the gospel and reverence for its laws and ordinances, each person may become a saved being in the kingdom of our God. It is my desire to become a saved being through obedience to the Gospel, and it makes my heart rejoice that I have been privileged to embrace it."

My uncle gave respectful attention until I had finished. Then he rose to his feet and said:

"My son, your narration sounds innocent enough, but it is just as I feared 'twould be. You have been deluded and ensnared because of your open and unprejudiced spirit. You must renounce your new belief and turn your thoughts back to your studies."

"Uncle," I replied, "I have been neither deluded nor ensnared. I thank the Lord that my mind was free from narrow prejudice and open to receive His truth when I heard it. 'Tis great to be thus ready to receive a gift of this kind. My testimony of the gospel is almost as dear to me as life itself. Renounce it,—I will never."

The shock of these words fell like a blow on my uncle's heart. His countenance turned death-pale.

"What!" he shouted, "you refuse my counsel? Foolish, wilful boy!"

Further conversation for that day would have been unbearable to him and painful to me. We parted in silence, each to resume his usual duties. Thus passed many days.

IX.

CONSEQUENCES FORESHADOWED

The desire for a harmonious un-

derstanding between Uncle and myself was mutual, and we each did what we could to promote it.

Once, in the hush of the twilight, while he was resting on the veranda, I took out my violin and played his favorite melody, "A Song From the Hills," full of longing and tender pathos.

When the last note, echoing through the room, had died away, he came to me. Placing each hand lovingly on my shoulders, this benevolent, kindly man looked deep into my eyes.

"Can't you do it, boy?" he plead. "Can't you change your mind in regard to that religion, and for my sake leave it alone forever?"

A solemn stillness followed this appeal. Then I began:

"Dear Uncle, true religion cannot be put on or taken off as one would draw on or remove a glove. The principles I have embraced are deep-set in my soul. They are eternal in their nature and will endure in earth and heaven if I am faithful. To be faithful is now the aim of my life."

"Yes, boy; I see your viewpoint," he said slowly, "but, oh, it goes hard with me."

My heart ached for him. I knew there was little or no sleep for me that night, so I went for a stroll down by the river. Whom should I meet there in his private yacht but dear, jolly Cousin Bjerg himself.

"Hello, Stephen," he called jocosely. "How long before you leave for Zion?"

My answer surprised and startled him:

"Within a year, I hope."

He was silent many seconds. Then came the outburst:

"You're a fool, Stephen, a matchless fool! When you say goodbye to Uncle you turn your back upon an immense piece of worldly fortune. You are casting away the wealth of a lifetime all for a mere religious whim.

"Not a mere whim," I corrected

gently, "but a pearl of great price, a gem of eternal truth."

"Whatever has taken hold of you, Stephen?" he cried.

"'Tis I who have lain hold of faith," was my answer.

"A wonderful essence," he sneered.

"Yes, faith is wonderful even in its simplicity," I rejoined, "for it is the assurance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen."

X

A TOUCHING APPEAL

When I returned home that night after my talk with Cousin Bjerg down by the river, my Uncle was still up waiting for me. He came and sat by my bedside and we conversed for hours together. He told me of his childhood, the dreams of his youth, his happy marriage and of the sad death of his beautiful girl-wife. Then, with utmost tenderness, he unfolded to me how being left alone his dear sister had allowed him to take me into his heart and home, to become the object of his fondest care, yes, even as his own son.

"And Stephen," he continued, "you have never failed me in anything I have desired of you. Now, boy, you and I are facing a crisis in our lives. Whether or not this crisis is going to separate our paths forever depends wholly upon your own choice. It pains me to speak of it so plainly, but delay of any kind would only widen the difference that now lies between us. I fear it has gone too far already, but I cannot help hoping you may see your folly and be wise."

"What folly, Uncle?" I said. "Do you still regard my membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as folly? This I cannot and will not undo, dear Uncle. I joined the Church of Jesus Christ with full purpose of heart to remain a member for life."

"You steadfastly mean it, do you Stephen?" asked my Uncle.

"I solemnly mean it," was my reply.

"Well, then, you will have to take the consequences of this action since nothing can swerve you from it," he answered.

I knew this as one of the essentials of my creed. Does not the hymn say:

"Do what is right,
Let the consequence follow."

To my beloved relative and benefactor I replied in this way:

"Dear Uncle, since I have gone contrary to your will I cannot expect you to treat me with the same consideration as formerly. Deal with me as you feel obliged to do. I shall still regard you as blameless and conscientious in your measure."

These kind words that I was enabled to speak on that occasion have been a precious memory to me. In my opinion, their influence softened the tone and made more gentle the spirit of the verdict that followed.

XI

TEMPTATION

I had expected to become homeless at once, cut off without a penny. I was nerved to this trial, but the test came in a far different way, in fair, alluring guise.

A visit to Italy had been the dream of my youth. I had been promised this trip for my twentieth birthday. There were only two years yet to wait. Owing to the changed condition between Uncle and me, I had given it up as a dim air-castle of the past. Imagine my surprise on being brought face to face with this dream of mine near actual fulfilment! How entrancingly sweet seemed the invitation to go touring into fair Italy!

My Uncle was the very life of the arrangement. He would have it that Cousin Bjerg and I should make a six month's stay in Italy for purposes of observation and study. He wished us to begin our preparations at once.

Accordingly, a variety of maps, charts, pictures and rare descriptions of "Sunny Italy" were sent to my room. How happy I might have been choosing our route of travel, planning for stop-overs and the like!

Why then did I hesitate? Why this forced and unnatural reluctance on my part? Did I not appreciate that a pearl of opportunity which many a youth might envy was within my easy grasp? What prevented me from accepting it in all gratitude to the giver?

Alas, the one concession required of me (trivial as it may have appeared to others) proved an insurmountable hindrance in my path. I was to enjoy this lovely trip with every accompanying convenience my heart desired, on condition that I would sever my connection with the Mormon Church thenceforth and forever.

"Go," whispered Temptation's voice. "Could you not make believe that you gave up your membership in the Church? Then, after you have received the benefit of the trip, return to your belief in the Mormon Church as formerly."

How I hated myself for even allowing such a thought to enter my mind!

"Make the tour," whispered another persuasive voice. "You know your gospel teaches you to seek whatsoever is sweet, lovely, or of good report or praise-worthy. Surely you now have opportunity as never before to seek these things."

And so I seemed enticed almost beyond what I was able to withstand.

XII

A FAREWELL SOCIAL

It soon became known to all my associates that we were contemplating a voyage. I received their congratulations with an inner embarrassment that amounted almost to resentment.

The following evening a large company of my friends gathered at our home to do me the honor of a fare-

well reception. How happy everyone seemed to be! With flowers and fruits, fair maidens and stalwart youths, the occasion was truly festive. As I looked into the merry faces of those about me, conflicting emotions gripped my heart. I knew that this was indeed my farewell evening with childhood associates.

As soon after the party as was reasonable I explained my situation to my Uncle. Once again I declared to him how impossible 'twould be for me to give up the gospel I had embraced so sincerely.

He accepted my decision as final, and became Cousin Bjerg's traveling companion in my stead. They went systematically on with their preparations taking as little notice as they could of me, "the thankless one."

When I learned that the home was to be closed (except to the care of one faithful servant) during their absence, I too took my departure. It was my aim to seek employment in our neighboring city.

"In making your own living, you will probably gain an experience that will bring you to your senses" was all my Uncle said.

My home-leaving was pathetic. True, an inner sense of gladness for having chosen the right, buoyed me up. But ah, those cherished kindred ties, now severed, were like yesterday's fair and fragrant bowers all cut down, and that by mine own hand!

XIII

ALONE

Alone, and without money in my purse! Surely this was a new experience to me. But something within me said all would be well, in spite of the inconveniences I might have to suffer.

I secured a humble position as assistant book-keeper with a business firm in our neighboring city. The wage-rate for a beginner was very low. "At this rate what a wearisome length of time must needs pass ere I

can even begin to save money for a fare to Zion" I meditated. My companions, (who had secretly learned of my intention to immigrate) ridiculed me for the very thought.

Weeks and months passed and I still stayed with the work, hoping, praying, and struggling on!

Then one day I learned that a Brother Grant in Utah was loaning money to prospective immigrants. Now, the desire to gather with the Saints was uppermost in my mind. I applied for the loan deciding that I could repay after reaching my destination, as many others hoped to do. Surely I could get work in the new land! So, after considerable waiting, the money arrived and was given to me.

On the day I embarked for my sea voyage, a small group of Saints accompanied me to the wharf. Marie was among them. How sweet she looked as she gave me a little bouquet of pink flowers—her parting token. From the deck of the great boat I watched until her figure diminished into a tiny speck. Farther and farther our steamer steered out into the stormy North Sea. It was a rough, hard voyage, and I was glad when the boat landed at Liverpool, England. How restful to go ashore and view some of the city! Yet here I parted with many friends, especially those who spoke my own language.

My next voyage was newer and stranger to my thoughts than the first. The vast Atlantic lay before me. How strange that I was really going to cross it!

On mid-ocean I wrote this letter: My dear Uncle:

You will doubtless be surprised to hear that I am well started upon my long voyage. In a few more days I shall have reached New York. From there my course will be westward to the Rocky Mountains.

Ever bear in mind that my action in leaving my native land is not in de-

fiance of your wishes but rather in obedience to the voice of conscience which prompts me from within.

With deepest love and gratitude for the past,

Yours sincerely,

Stephen.

The consciousness of having extended this little token of good-will shed a genial glow of happiness over me during the remainder of my journey, and accompanied me with peace and satisfaction as I entered upon new experiences of life in a foreign land.

XIV

I REACH SALT LAKE CITY

My first day in Salt Lake City is as vivid in my mind as yesterday. I viewed the famous Tabernacle, heard the Great Organ, and stood with reverent feelings in the shadow of the Holy Temple. Peace, joy, gratitude swelled my bosom as I mingled smiles with tears.

Then I turned my steps toward other places of interest in the new city. My money was gone. The thought of finding a person who would give me a night's shelter was uppermost in my mind. I carried in my vest pocket a letter of introduction to a lady who lived in the town. Her address was in a remote part of the city. At length I found it and made myself acquainted there. I was weary with my very long walk and the lady gave me a slice of bread and a cup of warm milk for refreshment. She could hardly understand my language but she made clear to me that her husband conversed readily in my native speech, and that upon his return home in the evening after work, he would be pleased to entertain me.

It was already late in the afternoon, but as the lady did not invite me to remain longer I felt uneasy in her home. I walked back into town looking and learning as I went. I was eager to acquire a working knowledge of the streets and their numbers. To

this end I applied myself for hours.

Long after midnight I returned to the house of my acquaintance I rang the bell and waited. The March wind blew loud and shrill while I listened for footsteps down the stair. To my surprise I encountered an ill-tempered man who informed me that this was a fine time of night to be rousing a family. His surly countenance and overbearing manner turned me against my host and I refused to enter. I would not, (even at the price of a soft bed and cozy fire) have my feelings thus outraged and trampled upon. I walked the streets that night to keep warm.

When the first faint streaks of dawn appeared in the east I was asking myself, "Where shall I go? What shall I do?" Pondering, I thrust my hand deep into my trouser pocket. My fingers touched a tiny strip of crisp paper. I drew it out and struck a match to read. It was the very same bit of paper that Marie had given me when I first set sail. On it, in her neat writing was the address of her aunt, Sister Antonette Swenson.

"Sweet girlie" I said as I folded the address into my pocket book.

It did not take me long to find Sister Swenson's house. A dear old gray-haired lady greeted me and welcomed me into one of the loveliest little homes I have entered. Blooming geraniums, pink and white, filled the windows. A dainty canary sang from its little cage that hung above the flowers. I sat in the rocking chair and held out my hands to the fire while the little lady prepared breakfast. Never have I tasted a better meal.

To Sister Swenson I confided my trials in leaving my beautiful home and giving up my promised heirship for the sake of the gospel. She deeply sympathized with me and added her assurance to my own that I had done right.

(To be continued)



Contributed by Daughters of the Utah Pioneers

Edward Partridge

"A man without guile"—

"—and this because his heart is pure before me, for he is like unto Nathaniel of old, in whom there is no guile"—

Looking through all data and manuscripts relating to the period of youth in Edward Partridge's life, very little can be obtained aside from the fact of the struggle with primitive conditions that faced the young in the state of Massachusetts in the 18th century; for Edward Partridge, first Bishop of the Church, was born in Pittsfield, Mass., Aug. 27th, 1793. His childhood was rather uneventful. In those early Puritan days children were naturally religious, and Edward Partridge seems to have been particularly pious. Of Scotch origin he inherited the solemn bearing and deep reverence for Sunday and its blessed rest that all New Englanders boasted, not only in the little village of Pittsfield but throughout the rather limited stretch of New England coast that harbored the emigrants of other lands. His childhood was but a repetition of the childhood of many boys and girls who were trained to work and pray and sacrifice for the necessities of life, and as soon as the common schools declared their pupils old enough and learned enough to begin the study of a profession they were apprenticed out to some leading tradesman to be taught a trade that would insure future independence. So it was with Edward Partridge. At the age of 16 years he was learning the mysteries of the hatter's business, and there we leave

him for four years doing his bit in the way of earning a livelihood.

In his early 20's Mr. Partridge married and moved to Ohio, soon after becoming a convert to the Campbellite faith under the ministration of Sidney Rigdon. In 1830 Mr. Partridge accompanied Elder Rigdon to Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., when Mr. Rigdon made the trip to consult with the Prophet, for both were deeply interested in the new religion. At this first meeting with the Prophet Joseph he and Elder Partridge were similarly impressed but it was not until the end of the year that Mr. Partridge asked baptism of the Prophet, and on the 11th of December, 1830, he was immersed in the Seneca River by the Prophet Joseph. This conversion from the Campbellite faith to Mormonism was the great event in Bishop Partridge's life. When first meeting with Elder Partridge the Prophet said of him, "He was a pattern of piety and one of the Lord's great men, known by his steadfastness and patient endurance to the end." Soon after this the trials and persecutions began. Elder Partridge proved faithful to every trust given him and at the age of 38 years he was "called of God as was Aaron" to the Bishopric, being the first Bishop of the Church. Bishop Partridge's health began to fail and on May 27th, 1840, he died at his home in Nauvoo, Illinois. The passing of his gentle, brave spirit was a great loss to the Church; he was a giant in faith and courage to his brethren and all who came within the divine influence of his personality.—Jean.



On the Training of a Father

By David Starr Jordan, Chancellor, Leland Stanford Junior University.

Note: Dr. Jordan writes in this article about much older children than this series is concerned with, but he gives such helpful advice that we feel it should be included.

Fathers are quite as hard to train as boys, and from experience all along the line, I have come to the conclusion that fathers and boys alike will mostly go their own way, in the long run getting 'what is coming to them.'

But it is the power of the father to help a boy to realize his best instead of his worst tendencies and possibilities. To this end, a father should be sympathetic and patient, helping the development of whatever natural taste or genius a boy may have. Virtue is never negative and a boy is held from idleness or vice by giving him something better to work at. If a boy has a real love for some study or for some worthy line of work, encourage that. It marks the way out from temptation. A boy needs in his development sympathy rather than financial help. His ideals need strengthening, not his purse. To have money to burn will ruin all those who burn it. It is hard to raise a boy who is rich and knows that whatever he wants is his for the asking. He is likely to be content with what money can buy, and it cannot buy very much that is worth having. It can help in many things, but a mere aid is not the thing itself.

The father can promote the plain virtues of sobriety, honesty, tolerance, and kindness. The most effective way of teaching these virtues is for

him to illustrate them in himself—to show how righteousness looks when it is lived. Occasionally a father successfully proves his point by becoming the awful example. But that is not the best way, and right living can be most effectively taught, not by precept but by practice. And remember always that right living is a positive thing. It is not secured by inhibitions. "Don't, don't, don't," never leads to anything worth while. Don't's say to boys: "Keep off the grass. Keep out of the dirt. Keep away from the slums." Rather indicate places it is better to go to: "This way to citizenship; this way to science, to art, to a worthy profession."

It is worth while to remember that the boy is the germ of what the man is to be. You cannot change his nature much, but you can develop the best in him till it overshadows the worst. The life of a man at forty will be what was in his heart at twenty-one.

And a father may say to his boys something like this, which in one way or another I have said to thousands of boys in this and other countries:

"Your first duty in life is toward your *afterself*. So live that your *afterself*—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual.

"Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself.

"What will you leave for him?

"Will it be a body unspoiled by lust

or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you. Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time?

"Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased; a will untrained to action; a spinal cord grown through and through with the devil grass we call wild oats?

"Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experi-

ence, happy in your friendships, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own?

"Or will you fling it all away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?

"This is your problem in life—the problem vastly more important to you than any or all others. How will you meet it, as man or as a fool? It is your problem to-day and every day, and the hour of your choice is the crisis in your history."

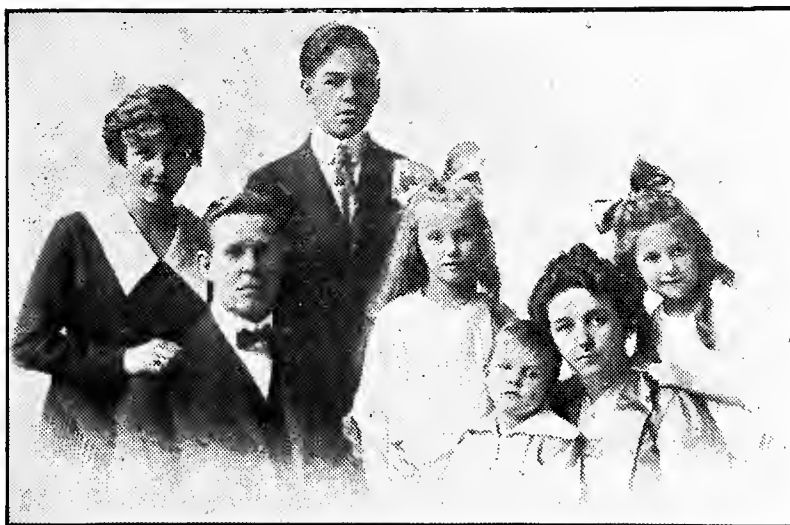
President German E. Ellsworth and Family

By Harold H. Jensen.

After serving for nearly sixteen years as President of the Northern States Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, President German Edgar Ellsworth recently turned over the office to President Winslow F. Smith of Salt Lake City. During the entire time of Elder Ellsworth's presidency, he has

been an indefatigable worker. Together with his wife, Mrs. Mary Smith Ellsworth, who has acted as president of the Relief Societies of the mission, an excellent work has been accomplished.

President Ellsworth was born October 12, 1871, at Payson, Utah. He is the son of German and Christina



President G. E. Ellsworth and Family. Northern States Mission.

Those in the picture are: Front row, President and Mrs. German E. Ellsworth with baby, Rus sell Ellsworth. Rear, left to right, Ruth, Ellen, Blanche, and German S. Ellsworth.

Parson Ellsworth. Even before his date of baptism, November 6, 1879, he was a regular attendant at Sunday School, being of a religious nature. He filled many ecclesiastic positions while laboring as a young man in the work at home, and on May 1, 1896, was set apart for a mission to California, returning June 7, 1898. Later, on June 2, 1903, having continued in his church work at home he was called on a mission, the greatest of his life, this time to the Northern States. On July 3, 1904, he was called to preside as president of that mission; President Joseph F. Smith setting him apart October 9, 1904. It is notable that all during President Ellsworth's lifetime he has been devoted to Sunday School work, assisting in establishing many Sunday Schools, both at home, and in the mission fields. Many Utahns, who have visited the Logan Square branch or mission headquarters at Chicago, have commented on the splendid Sunday School work being carried on there.

The outstanding feature of President Ellsworth's missionary career, which will ever be a living memory, is that shortly after he took the presidency of the Northern States mission, he commenced, with the co-operation of the Church, the publication and distribution of thousands of Books of Mormon. Records show that the first year the publishing commenced at Chicago, 10,000 books were printed, the following year 12,000 and the following year 27,000. Interest had so grown by that time that bids were secured from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, London, and Japan for a 100,000 edition, which perhaps is the largest number of that sacred volume ever printed at one time. In

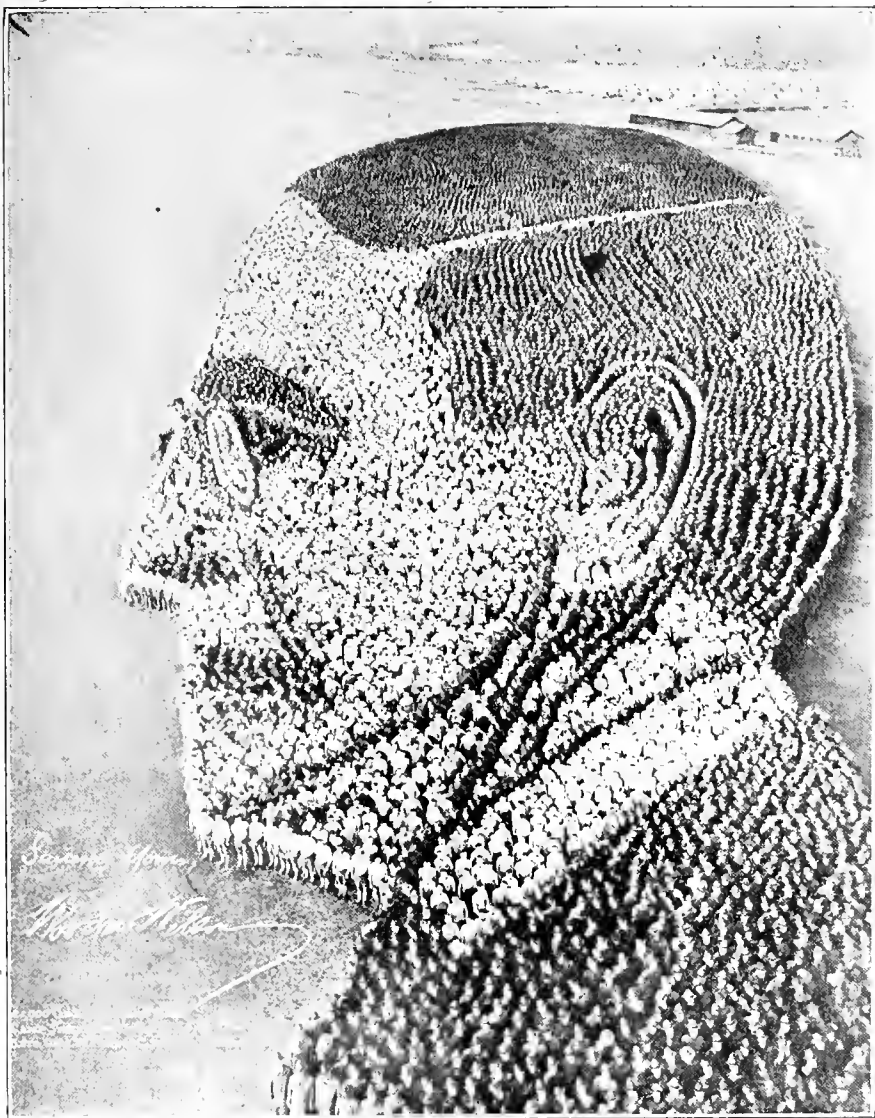
all 250,000 Books of Mormon were printed in Chicago before Zion's Printing Company took over the work. 130,000 volumes have been distributed in the Northern States Mission, 90,000 of which were sold. During President Ellsworth's presidency tithing has also increased, as well as church membership.

In commenting on the character of Elder Ellsworth, it may be said that he is a good mixer, one who makes many friends readily, and is well liked, and an earnest and sincere speaker. During his presidency about 1,200 missionaries have labored under him. He is an advocate of sending lady missionaries into the field and is an ardent believer in country work, both plans having proved successful in his mission. Together with Sister Ellsworth and many of the general authorities, he has toured the branches of his mission hundreds of times. It is thought President Ellsworth and family will return to Zion and continue in the good work they have started.

Mrs. Ellsworth has also always been an earnest church worker, helping her husband at all times. During the war, she took the initiative in helping the Relief Societies of the Northern States Mission turn out hundreds of articles for the Red Cross. She has always been a good friend to the Juvenile Instructor.

The Ellsworth children bespeak well the training of their parents. Their son, German S. Ellsworth, has filled a mission in the Northwestern States from August 28, 1917, to May 25, 1919, and their daughter, Blanche, a mission in the Northern States, commencing July 9, 1918.

Out of a clean heart comes a clean life and a clean body. If you would protect your body, guard your mind. If you would renew your body, beautify your mind.—James Allen.



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PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

Picture Formed by 21,000 Officers and Men Taken at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, Brig.-Gen. Matthew C. Smith, Commanding.

A soldier who claims to have been one of the men forming this picture says that after the grounds were marked, it took three hours for the men to march into the spaces assigned. The white sections were formed by men in their undershirts and the dark ones by soldiers in overcoats. As it was very cold, the soldiers in undershirts suffered considerable inconvenience.



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Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY, - AUGUST, 1919

The Deliverance of Jerusalem

For years to come, after settlement of the main issues of the great World War, the side-lights of the stupendous struggle will furnish mighty interesting literature. Among the most thrilling will be the story of the centuries of Turkish rule in the Holy Land and the capture of Jerusalem by the British in 1917. The following vivid description

of the dark days preceding the deliverance by General Allenby is taken from the *Christian Herald*:

For three years the Holy City had suffered privations and sorrows. It was as if the plague had raged within the walls. Most of the houses were closed because the inhabitants were dead or deported, exiled or in prison. Deserted were the streets. One dreaded to be seen outdoors for fear of falling victim to the rage of the Turks.

People hid themselves in cellars and subterranean passages, where life continued underground by the light of olive-oil lamps.

The musicians composed music, the poets composed verses, the professors meditated upon the pupils whom they hoped to receive in the coming hour of deliverance.

The women kept house underground; but there was little food to prepare. They had forgotten the appearance of a loaf of bread. The babies died for lack of milk.

Even in these hiding-places one heard the roar of Turkish cannon, which was directed against the "Nebi Samuel" (The Tomb of Samuel), where the English had fortified themselves.

In these terrible days in Jerusalem, Jews and Christians fasted and prayed. Their common sorrow and desolation drew them nearer to one another. They sought concealment in the darkest cellars and deepest subterranean passages. Jews and Christians found refuge together.

It was in this darkness and dread that the Jews awaited the coming of their great festival of light and gladness, Hanukkah, the Feast of Deliverance in former days, and now approaching as the day of destruction!

The women, weeping, prepared the oil for the sacred lights, and even the men wept, saying that this would be the last time they should keep the feast in Jerusalem!

They strained their ears to hear the horses' hoofs and the tread of the soldiers coming to arrest them and drive them forth. The women pressed their children to their breasts, crying: "They

are coming to take us—the persecutors, the assassins!”

Then, suddenly, other women came rushing from outside down into the depths, crying: “Hosanna! Hosanna! The English! The English have arrived!”

Weeping and shouting for joy, Jews and Christians, trembling and stumbling

over one another, emerged and rushed forth from the caverns and holes and underground passages.

With loud cries, with outstretched hands, they blessed the company of their deliverers, who advanced in a glory of light, for all Jerusalem was illuminated by the crimson light of the setting sun!

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

GERMANY ACCEPTS PEACE PACT

President Ebert, for the German government signed the bill ratifying the peace treaty at eight o'clock p. m. July 9th.

PRESIDENT WILSON SUBMITS PEACE TREATY TO U. S. SENATE

On July 10th President Wilson presented the Peace Treaty with Germany to the Senate of the United States. He was escorted to the Capitol by the five senior members of the foreign relations committee, and arrived 15 minutes after the senate met to begin his address. The committee members headed by Chairman Lodge, a league opponent, arrived to go to the White House at 11 o'clock and to have a brief talk with Mr. Wilson before the departure for the Senate chamber.

When the president entered the Senate chamber, escorted by the committee of senators, the crowded galleries rose and cheered for a minute in disregard of the senate rules.

EXCERPTS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

“The treaty constitutes nothing less than a world settlement. It would not be possible for me either to summarize or to construe its manifold provisions in an address which must of necessity be something less than a treatise. My services and all the information I possess will be at your dis-

posal and at the disposal of your committee on foreign relations at any time, either informally or in session, as you may prefer; and I hope that you will not hesitate to make use of them.”

WHY AMERICA ENTERED THE WAR

The United States entered the war upon a different footing from every other nation except our associates on this side of the sea. We entered it, not because our material interests were directly threatened or because any special treaty obligations to which we were parties had been violated, but only because we saw the supremacy and even the validity of right everywhere put in jeopardy and free government likely to be everywhere imperiled by the intolerable aggression of a power, which respected neither right nor obligation and whose very system of government flouted the rights of the citizens as against the autocratic authority of his governors. And in the settlements of the peace we have sought no special reparation for ourselves, but only the restoration of right and assurance of liberty everywhere. * * * We entered the war as the disinterested champions of right and we interested ourselves in the terms of the peace in no other capacity. * * *

The hopes of the nations allied against the central powers were at a very low ebb when our soldiers began to pour across the sea. There was

everywhere amongst them, except in their stoutest spirits, a sombre foreboding of disaster. The war ended in November, eight months ago, but you have only to recall what was feared in mid-summer last, four short months before the armistice, to realize what it was that our timely aid accomplished alike for their morals and their physical safety. That first, never-to-be-forgotten action at Chateau-Thierry had already taken place. Our redoubtable soldiers and marines had already closed the gap the enemy had succeeded in opening for their advance upon Paris—had already turned the tide of battle back towards the frontiers of France and begun the rout that was to save Europe and the world. Thereafter the Germans were to be always forced back, back, were never to thrust successfully forward again. And yet there was no confident hope. Anxious men and women, leading spirits of France, attended the celebration of the Fourth of July last year in Paris out of generous courtesy—with no heart for festivity, little zest for hope. But they came away with something new at their hearts. They have themselves told us so. The mere sight of our men—of their vigor, of the confidence that showed itself in every movement of their stalwart figures and every turn of their swinging march, in their steady comprehending eyes and easy discipline, in the indomitable air that added spirit to everything they did—made everyone who saw them that memorable day realize that something had happened that was much more than a mere incident in the fighting, very different from the mere arrival of fresh troops. A great moral force had flung itself into the struggle. The fine physical force of those spirited men spoke of something more than bodily vigor. They carried the great ideals of a free people at their hearts and with that vision were unconquerable. Their very presence brought reassurance; their fighting made victory certain.

RECOGNIZED AS CRUSADERS

They were recognized as crusaders, and as their numbers swelled to millions their strength was seen to mean salvation. And they were fit men to carry such a hope and make good the assurance it forecast. Finer men never went into battle; and their officers were worthy of them. * * * They were the sort of men America would wish to be represented by, the sort of men every American would wish to claim as fellow countrymen and comrades in a great cause. They were terrible in battle and gentle and helpful out of it, remembering the mothers and the sisters, the wives and the little children at home. They were free men, under arms, not forgetting their ideals of duty in the midst of tasks of violence. * * * They were for all the visible embodiment of America. What they did made America and all that she stood for a living reality in the thoughts not only of the people of France, but also of tens of millions of men and women throughout all the toiling nations of a world standing everywhere in peril of its freedom and of the loss of everything it held dear, in deadly fear that its bonds were never to be loosed, its hopes forever to be mocked and disappointed.

AMERICA'S DUTY

And the compulsion of what they stood for was upon us who represented America at the peace table. It was our duty to see to it that every decision we took part in contributed, so far as we were able to influence it, to quiet the fears and realize the hopes of the peoples who had been living in that shadow; the nations that had come by our assistance to their freedom. It was our duty to do everything that it was within our power to do to make the triumph of freedom and of right a lasting triumph in the assurance of which men might everywhere live without fear.

Old entanglements of every kind

stood in the way—promises which governments had made to one another in the days when might and right were confused and the power of the victor was without restraint. Engagements which contemplated any dispositions of territory, and extensions of sovereignty that might seem to the interest of those who had the power to insist upon them had been entered into without thought of what the peoples concerned might wish or profit by; and these could not always be honorably brushed aside. It was not easy to graft the new order of ideas on the old, and some of the fruits of the grafting may, I fear, for a time be bitter. But, with very few exceptions, the men who sat with us at the peace table desired as sincerely as we did to get away from the bad influences, the illegitimate purposes, the demoralizing ambitions, the international counsels and expedients out of which the sinister designs of Germany had sprung as a natural growth. It had been our privilege to formulate the principles which were accepted as the basis of the peace but they had been accomplished, not because we had come in to hasten and assure the victory and insisted upon them, but because they were readily acceded to as the principles to which honorable and enlightened minds everywhere had been bred. * * *

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The league of nations was not merely an instrument to adjust and remedy old wrongs under a new treaty of peace, it was the only hope of mankind. Again and again had the demon of war been cast out of the house of the peoples and the house swept clean by a treaty of peace; only to prepare a time when he would enter in again with spirits worse than himself. The house must now be given a tenant who could hold it against all such. Covenant, indeed, indispensable as statesmen found the newly planned league of nations to be for the execution of

present plans of peace and reparation, they saw it in a new aspect before their work was finished. They saw it as the main object of the peace, as the only thing that could complete it and make it worth while. They saw it as the hope of the world and that hope they did not dare to disappoint. Shall we or any other free people hesitate to accept this great duty? Dare we reject it and break the heart of the world? * * *

AMERICA AS WORLD POWER

Our participation in the war established our position among the nations and nothing but our own mistaken action can alter it. It was not an accident or a matter of sudden choice that we are no longer isolated and devoted to a policy which has only our own interest and advantage for its object. It was our duty to go in if we were indeed the champions of liberty and right. We answered to the call of duty in a way so spirited, so utterly without thought of what we spent of blood or treasure, so effective, so worthy of the admiration of true men everywhere so wrought out of the stuff of all that was heroic, that the whole world saw at last, in the flesh, in noble action, a great ideal asserted and vindicated, by a nation they had deemed material and now found to be a compact of the spiritual forces that must free men of every nation from every unworthy bondage. It is thus that a new role and a new responsibility have come to this great nation that we honor and which we would all wish to lift to yet higher levels of service and achievement.

The stage is set, the destiny disclosed. It has come about by no plan of our conceiving but by the hand of God who led us into this way. We cannot turn back. We can only go forward, with lifted eyes and freshened spirit, to follow the vision. It was of this that we dreamed at our birth. America shall in truth show the way. The light streams upon the path ahead, and nowhere else.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK



Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

SACRAMENT GEM FOR OCTOBER, 1919

The debt of love I would repay
To Jesus, my redeeming Lord;
So, worthily I will partake
And live according to His word.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR OCTOBER, 1919

(Doctrine and Covenants, 88th chapter, 125th verse)

"And above all things, clothe yourselves with the bonds of charity, as with a mantle, which is the bond of perfectness and peace."

Uniform Fast Day Lesson for October
1919

Subject: Charity

1. Organ music.
2. Abstracts of minutes.
3. Notices.
4. Song.
5. Prayer by pupil Theological Department.
6. Sacramental song.
7. Sacramental gem.
8. Administration of Sacrament.
9. Concert Recitation.
10. Song.
11. Department work.
12. Re-assembly.
13. Recitation of the following scripture by pupil or class:

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own,

is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." (I Cor. 13:4, 5, 6, 7.)

14. What we have learned this day, by pupil of Second Intermediate Department.

15. Song.
16. Benediction.

Outline for Class Teachers

Subject: Charity.

1. What it is.
 - a. "Every good act is charity."
 - b. "Your smiling in your brother's face is charity."
 - c. "Your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity."
 - d. "When faith and hope fail, as they do sometimes, we must try charity, which is love in action."
 - e. Every failure on your part to criticize harshly your neighbor for

some real or imaginary offense committed by him is charity bestowed upon him.

- f. "For charity covers a multitude of sins." (I Peter 4:8.)
2. How it Should be Extended.
 - a. "We should give as we would receive—cheerfully, quickly and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers."
 - b. We should not give grudgingly, or of necessity; for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. (II Cor. 9:7.)
 - c. "To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is God-like."
 - d. What are we doing to cast rays of sunshine into the hearts and homes of our afflicted neighbors?
 - e. What little acts of kindness can we do that we are not doing to help them along?
 - f. Are we daily praying that the Lord will help them along, instead of sending them a sack of flour or a ton of coal? (James 2: 15-16.)
 - g. Learn to be liberal with our neighbors, and life will be sweeter and better for ourselves.
3. Its Value to the Disburser.
 - a. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him back again." (Prov. 19:17.)
 - b. "A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow man."
 - c. "When he dies people will say, 'What property has he left behind him?' But the angels will ask, 'What good deeds has he sent before him'?"—Mahomet.
4. The Necessity of Having Charity.
 - a. "Count that day lost whose low descending sun views from thy hand no worthy action done."
 - b. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.
 "And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.
 "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (I Cor. 13:1-3.)

Suggestive Truth: By a liberal dispensation of charity we become broader in our views and more God-like in our accomplishments and attributes.

Name three ways in which the members of this class can, during the coming week, exercise charity.

DESIGNATION OF CLASSES IN DEPARTMENTS.

Classes in the Sunday Schools shall be designated by the year of the outlined lessons in each department, namely:

First Year Kindergarten Class	{	Ages 4, 5 and 6
Second Year Kindergarten Class		
First Year Primary Class	{	Ages 7 and 8
Second Year Primary Class		
First Year 1st Intermediate Class	{	Ages 9, 10, 11 and 12
Second Year 1st Intermediate Class		
Third Year 1st Intermediate Class		
Fourth Year 1st Intermediate Class	{	Ages 13, 14, 15 and 16
First Year 2nd Intermediate Class		
Second Year 2nd Intermediate Class		
Third Year 2nd Intermediate Class		
Fourth Year 2nd Intermediate Class	{	Ages 17, 18, 19 and 20
First Year Theological Class		
Second Year Theological Class		
Third Year Theological Class		
Fourth Year Theological Class		

Where there are a number of divisions in any class of any department, the designation should be section 1, 2, etc.

COURSE OF STUDY FOR 1919

Kindergarten Department

First year class. Text book: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," First Year. 50c postpaid.

Primary Department

First year class. Text book to and including September, 1919, "Stories from the Old Testament," 50c postpaid.

First Intermediate Department

First year class. Subject: Book of Mormon. Lessons outlined in current numbers of JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Third year class. Text book: "A Life of Christ for the Young," by Geo. L. Weed. 75c postpaid.

Second Intermediate Department

First year class. Text book: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," by Nephi Anderson. 60c postpaid.

Third year class. Text book: "What it means to Be a Mormon," by Adam Bennion. 75c postpaid.

Theological Department

First year class. Text book. "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," by Edward H. Anderson. \$1.00 postpaid.

Third year class. Text book: "Old Testament Studies," Vol. 2, by Joseph M. Tanner. \$1.00 postpaid.

Advanced Theological. Text book: "A New Witness for God," Vol. 1, by B. H. Roberts. \$1.50 postpaid.

Parents' Department

This department is using, "A study of the Ten Comandments," published monthly in "Juvenile Instructor."

Choristers and Organists' Department

Joseph Ballantyne, Chairman; Edward P. Kimball and Tracy Y. Cannon

Applying the Teacher-Training Course to the Work of the Choristers and Organists.

The great necessity for the training of teachers in the auxiliary organizations of the Church has brought about the establishment of the teacher-training courses in the different wards and stakes, and these classes should bring about a radical change in the local conduct of a large percentage of our Sunday schools. The thoughtful chorister or organist has no doubt already questioned within his own mind, "How can this new venture be applied to the department of choristers and organists?" and "Am I expected to enroll myself with the teachers in pursuing this work?" In reply to the latter query we answer, Yes, most positively; and we shall offer as our reasons for this recommendation a plan wherein it will be shown how the teacher-training can be applied to the work of the chorister and organist, and how their labors may be more effectively carried on as a result of their participation in these classes. Among all the officers and teachers in the Sunday School the chorister and organist are the only ones whose work is accomplished before or with the entire school, and it is highly essential that they should be masters of every principle of teaching and presentation in order to do their work with the greatest effect. The fundamentals of teaching as they will be taken up and studied this year under the teacher-training plan of the Correlation Committee of the Church will increase the efficiency of every chorister and organist in the Church and we sincerely urge that these officers will enroll themselves in these classes.

Under the present plan teachers of the auxiliary associations in the ward, will meet for the study of the "Art of Teaching," on the first and third Sunday (or week-night), when it is expected that the chorister and organist will take part just the same as the other officers and teachers. On the other two Sundays, viz., the second and fourth, when the teachers of

the auxiliaries separate into departments to make application of the teacher-training work to their several needs, it is urged that the chorister and organist meet and discuss the problems of their work, such as songs for the coming week, how they will conduct the singing practice, etc. It is thought that the application of the teacher-training to this department can best be done in a stake meeting of some sort, preferably in the monthly Union, or if Union meetings are not held, at the same time as the superintendencies are convening in their monthly superintendents' meeting, when the choristers and organists will conduct a class in applying the teacher-training to the actual work of the chorister and organist. This plan will accomplish two important things, viz., choristers and organists will meet in their own wards to discuss the definite problems of their own schools. As a result of the teacher-training work they will also be growing as teachers, which will have a splendid effect on their work before the school in song-practice, etc. The music committee of the General Board will present in the JUVENILE outlines for these monthly stake application meetings for choristers and organists. These outlines will be prepared to cover one song each month, and the material treated in these application meetings is intended to be a guide for teaching the song the following month in the schools. It is sincerely hoped that the choristers and organists of the Sunday Schools of the Church will see the great help possible for them to acquire from the teacher-training work, and that they will unite heartily in this most important venture.

The organists and choristers are asked to study carefully Lesson I of "The Art of Teaching," and to apply it to their work by considering the following questions in their stake meeting. It is urged that this work be begun in all the stakes at once, so that our department will not get behind the other teachers in the teacher-training work:

1. In what way may the chorister and organist show their love of God and his children?

2. Of what importance is the work of the chorister and organist in the spiritual development of the members of the Sunday School?

3. What permanent value has the work of the chorister and organist on the life of the Sunday School pupil?

4. Have you a burning belief in the importance of your musical work in the Sunday School and in your ability to successfully perform your duty?

5. Why should the chorister and organist have a clear and sympathetic understanding of the inner hearts of mankind? Give illustrations.

6. What do you understand to be the

meaning of the expression "relative values," used in Lesson I of "The Art of Teaching?"

7. Why should the chorister have a "keen sense of relative values" in teaching a song?

8. What may be considered the "wheat" of a song? The "chaff?"

9. How may the chorister and organist demonstrate by their lives that they truly love their work in the Sunday School?

10. Analyze some Sunday School song, giving what may be considered the "wheat"—in both words and music—and what may be termed the "chaff." (The point we wish to make is that in all songs appropriate for Sunday School there are some elements more essential (wheat) than others (chaff).)

Parents' Department

Howard R. Driggs, Chairman; N. T. Porter, Henry H. Rolapp, E. G. Gowan, Seymour B. Young, Charles H. Hart and Hyrum G. Smith

Suggested slogan:

So move that each step goes forward,
So step that each move adds strength.

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER, 1919

A Study of the Ten Commandments

Commandment One

"Thou shalt have no other gods," etc.

Lesson Theme 12

Deity of Wealth with its resistless command, "to get and to hold"—with its gripping mirage, "all desired comes by me."

General Statement

The sense of self-preservation comes with us, it remains with us, it companions us through death and goes with us "over there." It is the one active continuing expression of life eternal. It is as much a part of life as it is necessary to life.

To preserve self man seeks wealth, for money answers to his want, it attends upon his needs, it administers to his desires. In fact it is such a fixed incident of life that it is next to impossible to imagine the conditions which wait on a cared for, efficient, progressive life apart from the possession of money and the exercise of its power in barter and exchange.

The world is so set that the individual requires money. The individual is so set that he seeks more money than he requires. For if he has a surplus of money, or money in excess of the required means of living, he may buy labor rather than expend it, he may seek luxury rather

than forego it, he may destroy competition rather than invite it, he may even purchase thrills rather than produce them.

So money appears the immediate and obvious means to life's various ends. Seized with a desire for ease and luxury man turns his face to the god of gold. Itching for power and control he reaches out to the sources of wealth. Defying law and provoking justice he relies upon the barricade of riches to keep him from harm.

Why then should he not seek for it, serve for it, sacrifice for it, worship it? For by it he thinks he sees triumph over want, victory over work, control of his fellow men, immunity from law, a near kingdom in itself.

If these were the only illusions the matter could well be received with average concern. But it so happens that with riches man hopes for an indulgence, a dispensation against the fixed laws of life and the divine decrees reaching out through and across all time to come. Is he not heard to say, "Suffering from sin, comes from discovery and can I not buy a covering for my offense? Let me set my indiscretions in seclusion and cover my wrong doings with alms, charities and precious gifts. Cannot my injury be paid for in money and cannot my wrong be righted by indemnity in dollars and cents?" The idea of absolution by purchase is not dead neither can it be charged only to the priestcraft of the

past. It is as it has ever been the same damning mirage leading on and on the worshiper at the altar of wealth.

First Sunday, September 7

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Sunday, September 14

Questions and Assignments

What cost is involved in man's requirements, or where is the line between necessary and surplus wealth? Or, in the acquiring of money, what point does self-preservation end and self-destruction begin?

Assuming the number in the average family to be five, what cost is involved in the required means for proper living? We refer to normal, healthful, progressive, efficient living.

1. Food.

- a. Kind, quality, quantity, and cost of food.
- b. Usual forms of excesses and waste.
- c. Classify the struggle for money with which supposedly to enjoy these excesses and wastes. Excesses as here used refer to all meat and drink indulgences which break with the laws of health.

2. Shelter.

- a. Generalize kind, character and state underlying principle of an adequate, comfortable, convenient, efficient, artistic housing. Include out-buildings and immediate surroundings.
- b. Estimate cost of construction, installation, and maintenance.
- c. List and illustrate excesses and wastes, and distinguish in motive between ignorance or mistake and design. Or, what elaborations in plan and execution are intended to serve empty vanity, morbid tastes, and other deformed motives.

Note. We suggest that each question be wisely assigned to one or more and a careful preparation earnestly imposed; but in every instance, encourage a following up with free and open discussion. This suggestion applies throughout and any failure on the part of an assigned thought-leader should be provided against by the class supervisor.

Sunday, September 21

Questions and Assignments

3. Clothing.

- a. What does being well clothed

mean—what essentials does it involve? Show relation between health concern, comfort, and convenience on one side, and display and the requirements of fashion on the other.

- b. Cost based on foregoing discussion.
- c. Draw the line as near as may be at the point where self-preservation ends and self-destruction begins. Self-preservation as here used refers to mind, body, spirit, soul,—the physical, moral and spiritual factors each taken into account. The same applies to self-destruction.
- d. Show the relation between the idolatry of money and the idolatry of dress; how money provisions false vanity through its freaks, its indiscretions, its indecencies and is the one sure place of appeal open to the diseased mind.
- e. Discuss the sacrifices made by the worshiper of dress and personal display such as the sacrifice of comfort, health, modesty, normal living, etc.
- f. Mention and show the connection with certain companion vices or indicate the place of dress in the group of graven images in the temple of wealth.

Note. Illustrations should be apt, pointed, and, as a rule, impersonal.

Sunday, September 28

Questions and Assignments

The wealth-gifts of ease and luxury

1. Ease.

- a. What is meant by the expression "He may buy labor rather than expend it," (see general discussion.)
- b. What is the significance of the common remark, "I want to get to the place where the other fellow does the work."
- c. Is not the idle rich man or the workless tramp pure fiction. Or is not idleness, so-called, diverted effort or, better, perverted application. Is there such a thing as an activity blank during the waking hours of a normal man? The ship's bowsprit is set and leads in the forward drive. The drift timbers rides and rocks with the wave—both move. But where?
- d. It is said, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." Might we not say, that a retired-from-work or

don't-need-to-work brain has the devil for a pilot. Discuss.

2. Luxury.

Is there a real luxury beyond the line of necessity. Are not the luxuries, so-called, a something in the form of an opiate, a diseased mind, or a decadent spirit. Is there a luxury that does not answer to the cry of need?

Discuss and illustrate by observations as to resulting reactions upon the individual of what are popularly termed luxuries. A retinue of servants, a private pullman, a private yacht, a palatial home, a reserved suite at the watering places and a score of private and exclusive and distinctive settings for diversion.

Theological Department

Elias Conway Ashton, Chairman; John M. Mills, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr. and Robert L. Judd

First Year—Lives of the Apostles

First Sunday, October 5

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Second Sunday, October 12

Text: chapter 28, "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," Anderson.

Note: Teachers should have maps for use in giving these lessons.

Paul starts his second Missionary Journey.

1. His difference with Barnabas.
 - a. Their separation.
 - b. Barnabas takes John Mark again. Review the failure of John Mark to continue on first journey.
- c. Paul chooses Silas as companion.
 - (1) Silas a leader—a prophet at Jerusalem.
 - (2) Silas disappears from Bible narrative.
2. Paul chooses Timothy.
 - a. He is chosen by inspiration, and is set apart by the Elders.
 - b. Are Missionaries called of God today? Is the call of an agent for a principal the call of the principal?
 - c. They start for Asia. Paul's vision.
 - d. They turn into Europe—to Macedonia. Locate Macedonia on modern map. Note its part, if any, in late war.
3. Give reasons, if any why Paul was turned into Europe, to carry on work, connecting up with restoration of Gospel in this dispensation.

Third Sunday, October 19

Text: chapter 28, "The Apostles of Jesus Christ."

Paul and Silas at Philippi.

1. Give statement covering nature of city, location, its importance then and now. See chapter 29, "The Apostles of Jesus Christ."
2. Luke supposed to have joined them here.
3. Their work in this City.
 - a. The European converts.
 - b. How do you account for the importance of women in this early proselyting?
4. A woman dispossessed of an evil spirit.
 - a. The consequences.
 - b. The earthquake.
 - c. The result.
5. Follow Bible text closely covering this lesson.

Fourth Sunday, October 26

Text: Chapter 29, "The Apostles of Jesus Christ."

1. Paul and companions depart from Philippi and go to Thessalonica. Study map carefully, locating cities on modern map.
 - a. Thessalonica—modern Saloniki—a most important city then and during recent war.
 - b. Paul's three sermons.
 - (1) Their effect upon the people. Acts 17; 2 and 3.
 - (2) He is persecuted and so leaves.
 - (3) Study Thessalonians, Books I and II, covering the work done at this time. Discuss points of doctrine therein set forth.
2. On to Berea.
 - a. The work progresses.
 - b. Jews from Thessalonica create trouble.
3. Paul to Athens.
 - a. His great sermon at Mars Hill.
 - (1) Only one convert.
 - b. Are converts made by masterful sermons or by quiet work directed by the spirit of the Lord?

Third Year--Old Testament Studies

First Sunday, October 5

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Second Sunday, October 12

Text: Book of Daniel, chapter 28, "Old Testament Studies," Vol. II.

Daniel—one of the Israelites taken into captivity.

1. He is chosen with three others of the captives for special treatment.
 - a. To be fed on king's fare—meat and wine.
 - b. He asks for pulse and water.
 - c. A ten days test made—its effect.
2. They are permitted to continue on the diet chosen by them.
 - a. Its effect upon them. Why?
 - b. Does this compare with the word of wisdom?
 - c. Is the result realized by Daniel and his brethren to be realized by observing the word of wisdom?

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego called upon to worship golden image, Book of Daniel, chapter III.

1. They refuse and are condemned to fiery furnace.
2. Furnace heated seven times seven. They are bound and cast into furnace.
 - a. Men killed who carried them to furnace.
3. They are seen walking around in the furnace and a fourth person is also seen.
4. They are delivered unhurt.
5. Two causes of deliverance apparent.
 - a. Clean and right living.
 - b. Strict obedience to commandments of the Lord.
6. Would the observance of Word of Wisdom and strict obedience to commandments given us work the same deliverance today?

Third Sunday, October 19

Book of Daniel—chapter 28, "Old Testament Studies," Vol. II.

Nebuchadnezzar's Dream.

1. Study dream carefully.
2. Daniel called to interpret dream, after magicians had failed.
3. Daniel's interpretation.
 - a. Get application of interpretation of dream to world's history and present day times.
4. Distinguish between the ability of the magicians and Daniel to interpret dreams.

Nebuchadnezzar's Second Dream.

1. Daniel's interpretation.
2. Was dream fulfilled?

Belshazzar comes to the throne.

1. His conduct of the kingdom.
2. His manner of living.
3. The condition of the kingdom at large.

The great banquet. Book of Daniel Chapter 5.

1. The conduct of the king and guests.
2. The hand writing on the wall.
3. Daniel called.
4. His reading.
5. The fall of the kingdom.
 - a. The Medes and Persians turn the river entering the city and enter under the wall.
 - b. The king slain.

Fourth Sunday, October 26

Text: Book of Daniel, chapter 6-12, chapter 28, "Old Testament Studies."

Daniel made first of the three presidents over the kingdom.

1. By review follow rise of Daniel giving reasons for his rise.
2. The presidents and princes of the kingdom conspire against him and formulate a decree.
3. The decree—Book of Daniel, chapter VI., 7.
 - a. It is signed and declared.
4. Daniel prays and is found out and reported to the king.
5. The king commands that Daniel be cast into lion's den—It is done.
6. The king sorrowful and fasts.
7. Daniel in morning alive to king's joy.

Explain the preservation of Daniel.

1. Was it predicated upon the working out of natural laws?
2. Was it a reward for obedience?

Daniel told of the deliverance of the Jews. Daniel, chapter IX.

1. Seventy weeks of preparation.
2. He sees the fall of Persia. Chapter XI.

Give the fundamental principles underlying David's greatness, pointing out application to every day life.

Advanced Theological

Text Book: "A New Witness For God," Vol. 1 (Roberts).

Lesson 23. Fitness In the Development of the New Dispensation

Chapter XV of Text.

1. The Prophet commences his great work in the only manner commended by reason and Scripture.

- a. Was the attempt a bold stroke of genius or the work of an imposter?
2. The Prophet continues his important work in a manner becoming his professions.
 - a. The logic of the events of organization not the fruit of the Prophet's youthful mind.
 - (1.) The ambitious program outlined shows something beyond the fancy of a youthful dreamer or a designing imposter.
 - (2.) The conception of religious doctrine outlined through the youthful Prophet shows something other than the wisdom of man.

Lesson 24. The Testimony of the Doctrines Taught.

Chapter XVI of Text

1. The Doctrines of the Bible are fragmentary.
2. Joseph Smith's teachings agree with, and go beyond the biblical doctrines.
 - a. What conclusion necessarily would be drawn if his teachings were contrary to the teachings of the Bible?
3. His doctrines critically examined.
 - a. The Godhead.
 - b. The plan of salvation.
 - c. The atonement.
 - d. The first principles of faith.
 - e. Divine authority.
- f. Church organization.
- g. Doctrine of revelation.
- h. Gathering of Israel.
- i. Cardinal Christian virtues set out.

Lesson 25. Divine Inspiration Exhibited in the Prophet's Methods of Teaching

Chapter XVII of Text.

1. Joseph Smith did not possess scholarship.
 - a. His limited opportunity for acquiring a liberal education.
 - b. His field of worldly knowledge limited.
2. General tone of his teachings is that of authority.
 - a. What would any other style likely show?
 - b. Note splendid example of his style of teaching on intelligence. (See p 235.)
 - c. On matter and the Godhead (p. 236).
 - d. On the Priesthood.
3. His manner of prescribing ceremonies shows same tone.
 - a. Baptism.
 - b. The Sacrament.
4. The directness and simplicity of his manner stamp him as an inspired teacher.

Second Intermediate Department

*Harold G. Reynolds, Chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo Fairbanks,
T. Albert Hooper and Alfred C. Rees*

First Year—Church History

First Sunday, October 5

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Second Sunday, October 12

Lesson 31

Pupil's Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church." Chapter 31.

Teacher's Reference: Pages 443, 445, 454, 455, 459, 460.

Suggestive Outline

1. Making Settlements.
 - a. Exploring parties.
 - b. Davis County settled.
 - (1) By Sessions.
 - c. Weber County.
 - (1) By whom owned.
- (2) Purchased by Captain Brown.
- (3) Generosity of Captain Brown.
- d. Utah County settled.
 - (1) John S. Higbee and Company.
 - (2) Build a fort.
2. Troubles with the Indians.
 - a. Attitude of Chief Sowiette.
 - b. Attitude of Chief Walker.
 - c. Battle with the Indians.
 - (1) Cause.
 - d. Militia sent to aid settlers.
 - e. Battle.
 - f. President Young's policy in dealing with the Indians.
3. Utah Territory.
 - a. Ask for admittance in Union.
 - (1) Name given to State by Pioneers.
 - (2) Meaning of Deseret.
 - b. Temporary government formed.
 - (1) President Young elected governor.

- c. Enabling Act of Congress.
 - (1) President Young appointed Governor.
- 4. Spiritual Growth.
 - a. Gospel sent to France, Denmark, Sweden, Italy and Pacific Islands.
 - (1) Missionaries sent.
 - b. Edward Hunter chosen Presiding Bishop.
 - c. Settlements located. Wards organized.
 - (1) By President Young and Apostles.
 - d. Companies sent to Iron and Box Elder Counties.
- 5. Famine of 1855 and 1856.
 - a. Grasshoppers and Drought.
 - b. Crops failed.
 - c. Saints counseled to fill granaries.
 - d. Sufferings of the people.
 - (1) Winter severe.
 - (2) Eat roots and pickled greens.
- 6. Hand cart Companies.
 - a. Large emigrant companies from England.
 - b. Hand cart companies organized.
 - (1) To reduce expense of traveling.
 - c. First two companies.
 - (1) Leave Iowa City (June of '56).
 - (2) Distance traveled (1300 miles).
 - (3) Arrival in Salt Lake (Oct. 1856).
 - d. Second two companies.
 - (1) Commence later in the season.
 - (2) Winter of 1856 universally early.
 - (3) Reach Salt Lake in November and December.
 - e. Sufferings on journey.
 - (1) Women and children waded cold streams.
 - (2) Compelled to sleep out nights.
 - (3) Food gives out.
 - (4) Sufferings and deaths.
 - f. Company sent by President Young to meet them.
 - (1) Take wagon loads of provisions.
 - (2) Scene when wagon approached.

Relate the trouble the early settlers of Utah County had with the Indians. In one of the previous lessons we discussed the policy of President Young in dealing with the Indians, and the great love and respect the Indians had for him.

From 1847 to 1849 the Pioneers were under ecclesiastical control. The inhabitants of Salt Lake Valley and the surrounding settlements were Mormons, with the exception of a few friends and relatives who had accompanied the Saints to Utah. "If any difficulty arose it was settled in the Bishop's Court, or by High Council, or by the First Presidency, and no distinction was made between the spiritual and temporal juris-

diction of the authorities." When the gold fields opened in California, many people traveled through the State, and though the stop was more or less temporary, it was thought best to separate civil from religious affairs.

The word "Deseret" was the Jaredite name for the honey bee, and is found in the Book of Ether in the Book of Mormon. The Pioneers were a very busy people, and the name Deseret was chosen for the State, meaning industry and thrift.

What tribe of Indians is Utah named after?

Before the railroad came into the valley, companies of emigrants might be seen every summer crossing the plains. The spirit of gathering was in the hearts of the Saints in England. Many of them were very poor. President Young conceived the idea of the handcarts, to lessen the expense of the journey. The first two companies left Iowa City in June and arrived in the valley in October. The other two companies left in July and August, and due to the early winter they did not reach the valley until November and December. The sufferings of these last two companies were intense. The winter of '56 was very cold, especially in the mountains. "Women and children, as well as men, were compelled to wade streams in the bitter cold and to sleep out nights without sufficient covering. Their food gave out, too, and many died on the way." (One Hundred Years of Mormonism.) As soon as it was known that the winter would be early, a company of men, with wagon loads of provisions, clothing and bedding, were sent out to meet these hand-cart emigrants and to relieve their sufferings. The following is quoted from "One Hundred Years of Mormonism:" "On first perceiving, about sundown, that some wagons were approaching from the direction of the Valley, all who could, turned out to the welcome. Women fell upon the newly arrived brethren, showering kisses upon them. Children danced in gladness, not knowing why. Strong men wept uncontrollably and were dumb from sheer joy." It was the same with the next company.

Third Sunday, October 19

Lesson 32

Pupil's Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter 32.

Teacher's Reference: "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," Pages 462-472, The Utah War.

Suggestive Outline

1. Territorial Officials.
 - a. Judge W. W. Drummond.
 - (1) His character.
 - (2) His conduct in Utah.
 - (3) His letters to President Buchanan.
 - b. Celebration on the Twenty-fourth
 - (1) Where held.
 - (2) Exercises.
 - (3) The news of the army.
 - c. Public meeting held.
 - (1) President Young's remarks.
 - (a) "We have transgressed no laws."
 - d. Arrival of Captain Van Vliet.
 - (1) Contents of his orders.
 - e. President Young's reply.
 - (1) Experiences in Missouri and Illinois.
 - (2) Warning of troops entering the valley.
 - (3) Committee should have been sent to investigate.
2. Johnston's Army.
 - a. Organization.
 - b. Journey to Utah.
 - c. Utah men sent to meet them.
 - (1) Instructed to annoy invaders.
 - d. Lot Smith's company.
 - e. First winter of the army.
 - (1) Try hard to reach valley.
 - f. Utah men return home.
3. Utah Militia.
 - a. Orders from General Daniel H. Wells.
 - b. Commander of Militia.
 - c. Men called into the service.
 - d. General Wells and staff go to Echo Canyon.
 - e. Preparations made to stop the invaders.

Drummond was sent to Utah as Federal Judge. Bancroft says of him: "Leaving his wife and family in Illinois without means of support he brought with him a harlot whom he had picked up in the streets of Washington, and introduced as Mrs. Drummond." This was the character of man the Pioneers had to deal with. He criticized their laws and institutions, also the principles the Latter-day Saints believed in and were dear to them. As a result he won the ill-will of the citizens of the State.

In March, 1857, he wrote to the Attorney General regarding his position. Note the charges Drummond made in his resignation. Drummond's charges were refuted by Mr. Curtis E. Boulton, Deputy Clerk of the Supreme Court of Utah, in a letter which he wrote to President Buchanan. Instead of President Buchanan sending a committee to investi-

gate matters, he made a great blunder. He "sent an army of nearly 2500 men to suppress the rebellion that did not exist." You can imagine the great surprise of the Saints when on the 24th of July, while celebrating at what is now called Brighton, at the head of the Big Cottonwood Canyon, a few miles east of Salt Lake City, four men rode into the place and asked for President Young. A council was held with them and the leading brethren. The people were called together by General Wells, who addressed them and informed them of the approaching army. One can appreciate the feelings of the Saints. They had been driven from their homes in Missouri and Illinois, robbed of their property, their wives and daughters had suffered the insults of mobs, and now an army was approaching. We can little wonder at the attitude of President Young when addressing a public meeting, he said: "We have transgressed no law, neither do we intend to do so, but as for any nation coming to destroy this people, God Almighty being my helper, it shall not be. Before I shall suffer as I have in times gone by, there shall not one building nor one foot of lumber nor fence nor tree nor particle of grass or hay that will burn be left in reach of the enemy," etc.

The Saints knew that they had broken no laws, and were innocent of the charges made against them, and knew that Drummond had lied and misrepresented. President Young was governor of the Territory, and had not been notified officially of the approaching army. He had a right, therefore, to muster the Militia, which was done by orders of General Wells under the command of Colonel R. T. Burton, and preparations were made for defense and protection.

As the Utah War is to be continued in our next lesson, the teacher should read both lessons so as not to trespass too much on next Sunday's lesson.

Fourth Sunday, October 26

Lesson 33

Pupil's Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter 33.

Teacher's Reference: "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," Pages 469-472.

Suggestive Outline

1. Mission of Colonel Kane.
 - a. His attitude towards the Mormons.
 - b. Offers services to government.
 - (1) To settle difficulties.
 - c. His arrival in Salt Lake.
 - (1) His welcome.

- d. Visits camps of army.
 - (1) Time of year.
 - (2) Conversation with officers and Governor Cumming.
- e. General Johnston's reply.
 - (1) Had been commissioned to put Governor in office.
2. Governor Cumming.
 - a. Accompanied by Colonel Kane into Valley.
 - b. How received by people.
 - c. Condition of government records.
 - (1) Reports not true.
 - d. Army to pass through in spring.
3. The Move South.
 - a. Governor Cumming's Promise.
 - (1) Rights of people to be protected.
 - (2) Endeavors to induce President Young and people not to move.
 - b. President Young's feelings.
 - (1) Relates persecutions of the past.
 - (2) Cannot trust mobs.
 - c. People desert their homes.
 - (1) Conditions.
 - (2) Few men remain.
 - d. Army passes through.
 - (1) Go to Cedar Valley. (Camp Floyd.)
 - e. Mormons return to their homes.
 - f. Farmers benefited from camp at Cedar Valley.

The pupils should be given a right understanding with regard to the true condition of affairs. President Young's only hope in annoying and hindering the army was to enable the government at Washington to get correct information, so that a peaceful settlement would be brought about. The Latter-day Saints truly appreciated the services of Colonel Kane. He had been a friend to the Mormons. He appreciated their worth and the reason they had come west. Therefore, he offered his services to the President of the United States as a mediator. He took the steamer at New York and sailed for California. President Young being advised of his coming, sent William S. Godbe to meet him. They arrived in Salt Lake February 25th. Colonel Kane secured an interview with President Young, and he was gladly received. He was quite feeble and weary and worn from his long journey. He addressed President Young and the assembled council, explaining his mission. President Young addressed him, saying: "I want to take care of you, friend Thomas. The Lord sent you here, and He will not let you die. No, you cannot die till your work is done. I want to have your name live through all eternity. You have done a great work, and you will do a greater work still." Colonel Kane was quartered in the comfortable home of William C. Staines. In

thanking Elder Staines for his hospitality the old gentleman said: "My dear friend, I was once treated so kindly at Winter Quarters, that I am sensitive over its memories. I knew you to be a good people then, but I have heard so many hard things about you since, that I thought I would like to convince myself whether or not the people possessed the same humane and hospitable spirit which I once found in them. And thus, my friend, I have proved that the Mormons will treat the stranger in Salt Lake City as they once did Thomas L. Kane at Winter Quarters." Colonel Kane had come under an assumed name (Dr. Osborne), and when Wm. Staines learned who he was the Colonel made the above reply.

Colonel Kane went to Camp Scott to confer with Governor Cumming and the officers, and also to bring Governor Cummings into the Valley, and install him as the new Governor to succeed President Brigham Young.

General Johnston objected to Governor Cumming being accompanied by the Colonel Kane into the Valley, as he stated he had been commissioned by the Government to install the new Governor with his army of soldiers. In a communication a few days later to General Johnston, Governor Cumming said: "I have everywhere been recognized as Governor of Utah, and so far from having encountered insults or indignities, I am gratified in being able to state to you that in passing through the settlements I have been universally greeted with such respectful attentions as are due to the representative authority of the United States in the Territory." He declared that he had examined the records of the Supreme and District Courts and found them in perfect condition.

President Young had said that if the army came into the Valley the Saints would move from their homes. Governor Cumming, however, exerted his influence with President Young not to move his people, stating "there is no longer any danger. General Johnston and his army will keep faith with you." President Young replied: "We know all about it, Governor. We have on just such occasions seen our disarmed men hewn down in cold blood."

It is no wonder that President Young distrusted the army. At Independence, Far West, and Nauvoo the Saints had been unarmed and promised protection, but the mobs had entered their towns, many had been killed in cold blood, their wives and daughters insulted. So, in the spring, when General Johnston's army passed through, they found the city of

Salt Lake desolate. The Saints had moved south. Many of them were poorly dressed. Some were obliged to make several trips from Provo to Salt Lake to get their families and supplies.

General Johnston kept his word. The army marched through the city, remaining three days on the banks of the Jordan River, and then pushed its way to Cedar Valley. Here they made a camp which they called Camp Floyd, where they remained until they were called to fight in the Civil War, the great conflict between the north and the south. While at Camp Floyd the farmers disposed of their products to the soldiers, getting good prices, which greatly benefited them. When the army left here they left large quantities of clothing and blankets, which they sold at very low prices.

Third Year--"What it Means to Be a Mormon"

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER.

(Suggestions by Alfred C. Rees.)

First Sunday, October 5

Uniform Fast Day lesson (see Supts. Dept.).

Second Sunday, October 12

Lesson 28. Honesty

The teacher will find in the matter presented in the text book only a thread of thought which must be followed. This lesson calls for considerable reflection on the part of the teacher on how best to bring out the various phases of honesty. Do you know, fellow teachers, the charges made by business men throughout the land that boys and girls who seek employment, are lacking in appreciation of what constitutes real honesty? The Sunday School can help correct this. In today's class, discuss with them and endeavor to obtain frank expressions from your members, on the following aspects of honesty:

Respect for others' property and belongings.

Giving value received in time and effort for salary received.

Payment of obligations, including tithing.

Relation of honesty to truthfulness, to economy, to industry.

Come prepared with incidents bearing on those topics. Let them be constructive. Relate experiences of people who have won out by honest methods. Tell inci-

dents about those who have failed through dishonesty. Keep this before you as your objective: To have the class feel deeply in their hearts that no matter what the temptation, or the inducement, or the lure, they will remain honest.

Third Sunday, October 19

Lesson 29. Truth

The story of "Scotch Granite" may with good effect be read or related by a member of your class. It points to a moral which needs no amplifying or explaining. As a preparation for this day, try the following as an assignment to be made on October 12th: Ask each boy and girl to come next Sunday (October 19th) to the class with a story on truthfulness. Tell them to go to our sacred books, magazines, histories, fiction, or school books, or they may relate some experiences that have come under their personal observation. Let the stories be read or told. Be prepared with a few good ones yourself. Since the morals are very obvious, avoid the error of commenting about "what this story teaches us." If the stories are told properly everyone will get the point. Make this a real heart-to-heart lesson on the beauties and the permanent satisfaction which comes from the observance of truthfulness.

Fourth Sunday, October 26

Lesson 30. Cheerfulness

There was once on exhibition the picture of a saintly old grandma. Through all her wrinkles there beamed forth cheerfulness. Under the picture was the legend: "May the corners of your mouth never turn down!" She was the very embodiment of sweetness which comes from cheerfulness. Those words seem worthy of remembrance by anyone who is tempted to grow sour. Just as an experiment, notice the facial expression of your class when you repeat those words to them.

Couldn't the 23d Psalm be read with telling effect today? Despite all his tribulations, David was cheerful. Explain verse by verse what David's people were suffering, and yet how disposed he was to see the bright and hopeful side of things.

To bring the thing right home let the class enumerate the blessings which they have as a result of: (1) parentage in the gospel, (2) home in these valleys,

(3) life at this particular time in the world's history. From any current newspaper you can clip stories relating to distress, hunger, want, neglect, and need among the people of the world. The

contrast with our own lives here will be very apparent. Read those things to your class and they will draw the one conclusion, which is the purpose of this lesson.

First Intermediate Department

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows and J. W. Walker

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER, 1919

First Sunday, October 5

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Second Sunday, October 12

Lesson 29 How the Nephites Learned About the Birth of Christ

1. The Signs of Messiah's Birth.
 - a. Terrible threat of the unbelievers.
 - b. Nephi's fervent appeal to the Lord.
 - c. The promised signs appear.
 - d. Rejoicing of the faithful.
 - e. Dismay of the unbelievers.

2. Attempts to discredit the Law of Moses.

a. Nephi's effectual missionary work.

3. Growth of the Gadianton Robbers.

a. Joined by both Nephites and Lamanites.

Aim: The promises of the Lord never fail.

Illustration: The prophet Joseph Smith's prayer in Liberty jail. The prayers of Wilford Woodruff and other Church leaders.

Application: Teach the children the value of prayer, and what a power for good it may become in their lives.

Text: III Nephi 1.

(Note.—Lead members of the class to tell about the signs that were given to the shepherds, and to the wise men, on the Eastern continent, concerning the birth of the Savior.)

1. **What the Lord Told Lehi.**—The Lord told Lehi that 600 years from the time he left Jerusalem, Christ, the Savior, would be born. Lehi told this to his family; they in turn told others, and in the course of time thousands of people had heard the news.

1. **Prophecy of Samuel the Lamanite.**—The birth of Christ was foretold by all the prophets. Samuel the Lamanite, who was sent by the Lord to preach repentance to the Nephites, told them the time was near at hand when the Son of

God would come into the world. He said that at the time of the Savior's birth there would be a day and a night and a day during which there would not be any darkness, and that a new star would appear.

1. **What the Unbelievers Did.**—Near the time of the Savior's birth, a large number of men, who did not believe what the prophets had said, joined together. They named a certain day, and said that if the signs foretold by Samuel the Lamanite did not appear that day all the believers would be put to death.

1. **How Nephi's Prayer was Answered.** When Nephi, the son of Nephi and grandson of Helaman, heard what the wicked men had threatened to do, he went away to a retired place and spent a whole day in prayer. Toward the close of the day his prayer was answered. He heard a voice from heaven saying: "Lift up your head and be of good cheer; this night the signs will be given and on the morrow I will come into the world."

1. **Words of the Prophets Fulfilled.**—That evening the sun went down as usual, but, to the astonishment of the unbelievers, there was no darkness. The next morning the sun rose in his glory. That was the day in which Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea. In the evening a new star appeared in the heavens.

1. **Many Unbelievers Converted.**—When the wicked and unbelieving people saw the signs they began to tremble with fear and fell on the ground as if they were dead. Many of them sincerely repented and were baptized. Then the Lord gave them His Holy Spirit, and they had great joy.

Third Sunday, October 19

Lesson 30. Christ Appears to the Nephites

1. Evidences of Destruction at the Death of the Savior.

a. The Nephite Temple preserved.

2. Appearance of Jesus to the Nephites.

- a. The Father's Introduction.
- b. The voice—its penetrating character.
- c. The multitude fall to the earth.
- d. One by one they place their hands in His side.
- e. They cry "Hosanna," and worship Him.
3. Jesus gives instructions to the Nephites.
- a. Nephi given power to baptize the people.
- b. Cautions the people concerning disputing and contentions.
- c. They must respect, and become as a child, to inherit the Kingdom of God.

Aim: Christ the Author of Salvation to all mankind—one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism.

Illustration: The glorious appearance of the Father and Son to Joseph Smith.

Application: Teach the children concerning the ordinance of Baptism, the correct pattern of which is given in this lesson.

Text: III Nephi 11.

1. What Jesus Said to His Disciples.

—One day when Jesus was teaching His disciples on the Eastern continent, he said to them: "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." Jesus did not tell His disciples who the "other sheep" were. They thought He referred to the Gentiles, but He did not. Today you will hear about the "other sheep" of whom the Savior spoke.

1. What Happened in this Country at the Time of the Crucifixion of Christ.

—One time a large company of Nephites were gathered together at the temple in Bountiful. They were talking about the terrible things that had happened a short time before—the land had been in darkness for three days, there had been terrible earthquakes, cities had sunk in the sea, others had been destroyed by fire, and others were buried beneath mountains. And, besides all this, thousands of human lives had perished.

1. Christ Appears to the Nephites.—

While the people were talking one with another they suddenly heard a voice speaking to them out of heaven. It was neither a loud nor a harsh voice. It was soft and tender, yet it pierced their souls and caused their hearts to burn. Three times they heard the voice. At first they did not understand what was said; but

the third time the voice spoke the people heard these words: "Behold my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name; hear ye him."

2. Just then the people saw a man descending from heaven. He was clothed in a robe of spotless white. He came down and stood in the midst of the assembly. The people thought they were looking on the face of an angel, when, to their surprise the Heavenly Visitor stretched forth His hand, saying: "Behold, I am Jesus Christ, who the prophets said would come into the world. I have done the will of my Father in all things, and by so doing have brought glory to Him."

3. The people were so overcome that they sank down on the ground. Jesus looked upon them with pity. Then He said: "Arise and come to me, that you may put your hands into My side, and also feel the prints of the nails in my hands and feet."

4. All the people went forward and did as the Lord told them. Then they fell down at the feet of Jesus and worshiped Him.

Fourth Sunday, October 26

Lesson 31. Christ's Ministry Among The Nephites

Truth to be taught: Rich blessings await us—even the ministrations of angels and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, if we listen to the counsels of Prophets and Apostles.

Point of contact: What has it profited you in listening to the counsels of your earthly father and mother? Through whom does our Heavenly Father speak when He gives us counsel? In what way is He our Father?

1. Wonderful scenes at the temple in the land Bountiful.
 - a. Appearance of the Savior and his words unto the people.
2. Compare His teachings and His works among the sick with His labors among the people on the old continent.
3. Little children are brought to Him for a blessing.
 - a. Encircled with fire.

Illustration: Why are little children blessed in Fast Meetings? What help is a blessing from the Lord through the Priesthood? At what age should children be blessed? Tell of instances of blessings where the counsels of the Prophet have been followed.

Application: What manner of life should a child live to have the guidance of the Holy Spirit? When a child at-

tends meeting and hears the Prophet speak what should be the duty of the child? Where can a child read or study regarding words or lives of Prophets? Let children discuss with parents this all important subject.

Review of next Sunday's lesson.

Text: III Nephi 11, 17.

(Note:—Lead the pupils to tell about some of the things which Jesus did among the people on the Eastern continent.)

1. **Christ Chooses Twelve Disciples.**—From among the Nephites Christ chose twelve men, to be His special witnesses. They were called the Twelve Disciples. He told the people He would bless them if they would listen to and obey the teachings of these men. He said: "I have given these Twelve Disciples authority to baptize you with water; and after you are baptized with water I will baptize you with the Holy Spirit."

1. **The Sick and Afflicted Healed.**—Jesus taught the Nephites the same glorious truths He had taught the Jews in the land of Palestine. Then He said to them: "Now, go back to your homes and think over the things which I have taught you, and ask the Heavenly Father, in my name, to help you to understand them. And prepare your minds for things which I will tell you when I come to you tomorrow."

2. But the people did not want to go to their homes, neither did they want Jesus to leave them. They were all weeping, and as the Savior looked on them His heart was filled with pity. He said: "Have you any sick among you, any who are lame, or blind, or deaf, or that are afflicted in any manner? If you have, bring them to me and I will heal them."

3. All the sick and afflicted were brought to Jesus, and He, by the power of God that was in Him, healed every one of them. Then all the people bowed down before the Lord and worshiped Him. As many as could get up to Him knelt down and kissed His feet and bathed them with their tears.

1. **Jesus Blesses Little Children.**—Jesus told the Nephites to bring their little children to Him. The little ones were brought and placed in a circle, with the Savior in the midst of them. Then Jesus prayed to His Father in behalf of the people. When He had finished His prayer He arose, and the people saw that He was weeping. Then He took the little children one by one and blessed them. He said to the people: "Look at your little ones." And as they looked they saw angels coming down out of heaven, in

the midst of fire, and the heavenly messengers surrounded the little children and ministered unto them.

Third Year--The Life of Christ

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

[Suggestions by George M. Cannon]

First Sunday, October 5

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Second Sunday, October 12

Lesson 28

This lesson includes chapters in our text book:

Chapter 55. **Bartimaeus** (pronounced Bar-ti-maeus)

Read Mark 10:46-52.

Chapter 56. The Feast at Bethany

Read Matt. 26:6-13; John 12:1-12; Mark 14:3-9.

In the description given in John, above referred to, we have the biblical account corresponding most nearly to that in our text book. The other references are given, however, in order that the teachers may read and compare accounts in the Bible.

For the account of the woman who had been a sinner and washed the feet of the Savior read Luke 7:36-50.

Third Sunday, October 19

Lesson 29

Chapter 57. The First Palm Sunday

Chapter 58. The Children's Hosannas

For descriptions of the Savior's triumphal entry into Jerusalem read Matt. 21:1-19; Mark 11:1-11; Luke 19:29-37 and John 12:12-15. The Children's Hosannas are also described in the reference in Matthew above given.

Fourth Sunday, October 26

Lesson 30

Chapter 59. Farewell to the Temple. The Traitor and the Rulers

Chapter 60. The Upper Room

Teachers should read carefully the Scriptural references to the events treated in these two chapters of our text book. See Matt. 21:23-46; also Matt. 23:37-39. Mark 12:38-44; Mark 14:16-25.

Luke 22:1-30.

John 13:1-30.

Have the pupils memorize the blessing on the bread and the blessing on the water as used in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. (See Doctrine and Covenants.)

Primary Department

Chas. B. Felt, chairman; assisted by Florence S. Horne and Bessie F. Foster

First Year

To Our Teachers:

We now take up in our classes, "Stories From the Life of Christ," than which no more interesting or "worth-while" stories can be found in literature or life, and we trust you will make them so real and interesting to the children that they shall ever after be an inspiration to them, and be a potent factor in their following in the footsteps of the Master "who went about doing good."

To accomplish this you yourselves must appreciate that wonderful, that perfect Life, must feel its inspiration in your own souls, must incorporate its splendid lessons in your own daily lives.

Have you made Him a special study? Have you drank in His wonderful sayings, sought to grasp the significance of His acts, desired with all your souls to drink of the "Living water" which He offered the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well (John 4:10-14)? Are you earnestly striving to make your life conform to His teachings?

If you have and will do so, we have no fear as to your success in moulding the character and assisting to round out the lives of the children of your classes. But this you cannot do without studious, prayerful effort, without reading the *scriptural text*, not only of our immediate lessons, but that which led to and that which came from the incidents of our stories. And, remembering that our space, whether in our little book, "Stories from the Life of Christ," or in the columns of our magazine, the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, is very limited, rest not content with a preparation from these and the scriptural texts, but read other books upon the subject such as Weed's "A Life of Christ for the Young," Canon Farrar's work thereon, Dr. Talmage's "Jesus the Christ," or other careful students of and writers on that Wonderful Life. Such preparation will well repay you, for it will insure successful class

work because of the abundance of material at your command, enlarge your children's lives and still more enrich your own.

Forget not, however, that without a "point of contact" has been made, the most beautifully told story will more than likely go over the heads of the children and a splendid aim (and of course we are all agreed that every lesson should have a specific aim) be lost save the teacher shall have skilfully led the children to discover how to apply it. The test of your work is in what the children think, what the children say, and what the children *do*.

We feel that every teacher in our department should have one of our little books, "Stories from the Life of Christ."

Your Committee.

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER.

First Sunday, October 5th.

Adapt the Uniform lesson for this day, given in the Superintendent's Department, emphasizing the Fast-day Thought, then follow with:

Lesson 1. The Birth of Christ

Text: Luke 1:26-56 and 2:1-7.

Aim: The Lord manifests His love for His children.

Memory Gem: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Song: Christmas Cradle Song.

Pictures: Annunciation (Hofmann): A Madonna.

Outline:

1. Prophecies concerning the Savior.
 - a. Through Adam.
 - b. Through the prophets in Judea.
2. The Angel's Visit.
 - a. The appearance to Mary.
 - b. The message.
 - c. Mary's joy.

3. The journey to Bethlehem.
 - a. Caesar Augustus' decree.
 - b. Home of Joseph and Mary.
 - c. The birth.
4. At Bethlehem.
 - a. The arrival.
 - b. Rest in the khan.
 - c. On the way to Bethlehem.

Second Sunday, October 12

Lesson 2. The Message to the Shepherds.

Text: Luke 2:8-20.

Read also "Ben Hur," Chapter XI.

Aim: God manifests His goodness to the humble.

Memory Gem: "Fear not; * * * For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Picture: "Arrival of the Shepherds (Lerolle).

Song: "Shepherds were watching their flocks through the night."

Outline:

1. The Shepherds.
 - a. Their customs.
 - b. Their expectation of the Savior.
2. The Message.
 - a. The watch.
 - b. The Heavenly messenger.
 - c. His message.
 - d. The Angels' song of praise.
3. The Shepherd's Faith.
 - a. Journey to Bethlehem.
 - b. Worship.

Third Sunday, October 19

Lesson 3. The Presentation in the Temple.

Text: Luke 2:22-38.

Aim: The divinity of Christ.

Memory Gem: "Lord, now lettest

thou thou servant depart in peace, * * * for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Picture: Presentation in the Temple.

Outline:

1. Joseph and Mary take Jesus to Jerusalem.
 - a. Journey from Bethlehem.
 - b. The custom. The offering.
2. In the Temple.
 - a. The presentation.
 - b. The offering.
 - c. Simeon.
 - d. Anna.
 - e. Mary's joy.
3. Return to Bethlehem.

Fourth Sunday, October 26th

Lesson 4. The Wise Men of the East.

Text: Matt. 2:1-12.

Read also "Ben Hur," Book First, I, V, XII-XIV.

Aim: God rewards earnest effort in search of truth.

Memory Gem: "Where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him?"

Pictures: Star of Bethlehem (Dore); The Magi (Hofmann).

Outline:

1. The Wise Men.
 - a. Their learning.
 - (1) Science.
 - (2) Scripture.
 - b. Their journey.
 - c. Their question.
2. Herod.
 - a. His fear.
 - b. Questions chief priests and scribes.
 - c. Sends for wise men.
 - d. The meeting.
3. Search rewarded.
 - a. Guided to house.
 - b. Gifts and worship.
 - c. Divine interposition.

Kindergarten Department

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Beulah Woolley, and Ina Johnson.

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

First Sunday, October 5

The Widows Offering.

Text: Mark 12:41-44, Luke 21:1-4.

Aim: It is not the amount of the gift but the spirit in which it is given that counts with our Heavenly Father.

Second Sunday, October 12

Review lesson of previous Sunday.

Third Sunday, October 19

Elijah and the Widow

Text: I Kings 17:8-16.

Aim: God blesses those who help His servants.

Fourth Sunday, October 26

Elisha and the Woman of Shunem

Text: II Kings 4:8-17.

Aim: God blesses those who help His servants.

How Stake Supervisors Can Help Local Workers

Once there was a man who had a large farm. It was well equipped with live stock, but not so well with farming implements.

The man made up his mind to travel, so it was necessary to get some one to take his place, and see that nothing suffered in his absence.

So he looked around and found a young man, whom he thought was adapted for the position.

The young man was sent for, and after looking over the place and seeing the number of men he would have to assist him, he declined. He said he knew little about farming. But the man insisted, saying that when he was asked to do anything he never refused. So the young man agreed to do his best. He knew that if he accepted the position, it meant work, and hard work. But along with the work he saw a wonderful opportunity for learning.

The young man took charge of the place. He sent to Washington, D. C. for all the information he could get on stock raising, the care of grains, hay, and vegetables.

Then he went to the Agricultural College, and told the professors he knew little about farming, that he had a position and wanted to make good. He wanted to learn, but could not go to school. So it was arranged that he could take a correspondence course.

People had asked him a number of times if he thought he wouldn't like farming, and he said he didn't like the work, it wasn't interesting enough for him. But now he was very much surprised. The more he studied the more he liked it, and he became so interested that he said he really liked it. He found it necessary to improve the conditions on the farm by getting more implements. So he wrote to the owner, and when he found the young man had made such wonderful progress, he sent the money he asked for. In less than five years, the young man had gained so much knowledge and handled the hired help so well, that all the farmers took him for authority.

When the owner came home, he was

very much surprised to see the wonderful improvements. And he asked the young man how he did it?

The young man smiled and told the owner what he had learned. First, he had learned that the way to learn to like anything is to get in and dig, and get out of it all that is in it.

Second, in order to make a success of anything one must put his whole soul into it, and learn all he could necessary for the improvement of the business, no matter what kind it might be.

And third, he had learned that any person who could prove he was working for the interest of the business could receive all things necessary for carrying it on.

Does this story help us in our calling?

We are sowing seeds in different kinds of soil. We are working for someone higher than one owning a farm. We are working for our Maker. But can we not apply these same three rules the young man found which leads to success.

If we were working for some firm for a salary would we not try to gain knowledge and improve so as to keep our position and get an increase in salary? Then let us do the same in this calling. Yes, even better. Let us remember for whom we are working, for some day we will meet Him. May we each be able to say, "I have done my best to make a success."

Following is a list of books, that will be of great help to any person who will read them. If you cannot get them at your local book store. Write to the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City.

All books marked with a star are books Sunday School Kindergarten teachers should have:

*Parent and Child.—Sir Oliver Lodge.

*The American Child.—Elizabeth McCracken.

*Your Child, Today and Tomorrow.—Sidonie M. Gruenberg.

*Self Training for Mothers (Teachers).—Mrs. Burton Chance.

*Handicaps of Childhood.—Addington Bruce.

*Study of Child Nature from Kindergarten Standpoint.—Elizabeth Harrison.

*The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Child. Part I. (treats on senses).—Compayre.

*Lessons For Teachers of Beginners.—Frances Weld Danielson.

Mental Development in the Child. (Infant most). Book I and II.—W. Prayer.

Next month there will be outlines for

Stake Supervisors that will aid in helping local Workers.

If at any time you need help or in-

formation along these lines write to the Kindergarten Department.

Ina G. Johnson.

The Sego Lily

By John W. Pike.

When Flora, fairy Queen of Flowers,
First saw these hills and vales of ours,
She strewed the rugged landscape o'er
With treasures from her floral store,
Then plucked from out her chaplet rare
The fairest flower that nestled there,
And bade it bloom forever more
Where flower had never bloomed before.

"Bloom, thou," she said, "that men may see
How wondrous fair a flower can be!
Thy outer robe of spotless white
Shall rival snow on yonder height;
Thy breast, which my fond tear bedews,
Shall radiant be with rainbow hues;
And men shall think and speak of thee
As Beauty linked with Chastity!"

* * * * *

And here it blooms—as fair a flower
As ever bloomed in Southern bower,
Where never winds blow rude or chilly!
Far up, beside the lasting snows,
It rears its head, and fairer grows;
And mutely proves the truth to be
That Beauty's charm is Chastity!

O, flower beloved, bloom on and on,
Until thy mission here is done;
And Time shall leave thee, passing o'er,
Still more beloved, and yet still more—
Our own, our Utah Sego Lily!

Children's Section.



The Lane Family's Garden

By Annie Malin.

The Lane family to have a garden, a "really, truly vegetable garden," blue-eyed Gertie told the baby very confidentially.

By strict economy father and mother Lane had saved almost enough money to buy a modest home. They had looked for the best "bargain" and finally chose the old "Holden property," because the roomy house was surrounded by enough land to raise plenty of good fresh vegetables. There would be a last small payment in the fall and then it would be entirely their own.

So Mr. Lane bought a spade, rake and hoe, not forgetting a trowel for mother to work with among the few remaining shrubs and perennials in the front of the house. On Saturday afternoon which he always had "off," Mr. Lane began to dig the garden, and Henry and Robert watched with interest, while mother and Gertie began planning a larger flower garden. Mr. Lane and the two boys had donned overalls as new as the garden tools, and while father dug, Henry raked and Robert carefully drew out any roots found among the freshly turned earth.

When mother and Gertie came over to see how the digging was progressing father was telling the boys how they would be expected to help in the garden. "It will mean lots of work," he told them, "but think what a fine thing it will be for us, and what a help it will be, too."

"Why can't we each have a part for our own?" asked Henry. "I know I could raise vegetables myself."

"So could I," said Robert, and father paused with the spade just ready to be pushed into the earth.

"Well," he said reflectively, "we will consider it."

"If you did, you would be expected to take care of it yourselves, and make a success of it. Probably you would have to sacrifice time which you would want to use some other way; do you feel sure you are in earnest?"

"Yes," answered both boys at once.

"I speak for peas and string beans," said Henry, with an eye to his favorites.

"I'll raise radishes and lettuce, and Hubbard squash," said Robert, his thoughts going back to squash pies; "and onions," he added.

Father and mother looked at each other and laughed.

"Now, pet," said father to Gertie, "you mustn't be left out; what will you plant?"

"Sweet peas and pansies and lots of other flowers," said Gertie.

There was a shout from the two boys. "They're not vegetables," said Henry, patronizingly; "you can't help to feed the family on flowers."

"Well, I can keep a bunch on the table for mother, and that will help, won't it, father?"

"Yes, indeed," answered her father kindly, "flowers help a great deal, and mother can help you take care of them, for she knows a great deal about flowers. Why the first time I saw your mother she had a sunbonnet on her

head and a bunch of sweet peas in her hand, and I fell in love with her then and there and have been in love with her ever since. Of course we must plant sweet peas."

At last the garden was planted, and in due time the tiny plants came up to the delight of the children, while father and mother were no less interested.

When the sweet peas appeared above the ground little Gertie danced with joy. "Is that the way yours looked when they came up in your mother's garden?"

"Yes, dear," answered mother, "just the same.

"Mother," said the child, as they sat around the table after supper, "do sweet peas always come up sweet peas? You know I planted them where I meant to plant pansies. Why couldn't they come up pansies?"

The boys laughed, but mother gave them a reproving glance.

"You see," she explained, gently, "the Great Gardener, our heavenly Father, has planned that each seed shall bring forth a plant of its own kind. If we plant sweet pea seeds, sweet peas will grow from them, and the same with all kinds of seeds.

"If we plant seeds of vegetables, each kind will bring forth the same as it is itself. If we plant weeds, only weeds will grow from them, and it is the same with the garden of our hearts; pure and good thoughts will bring forth plants of their own kind. My mother taught me a little poem which I have never forgotten. I will repeat it to show you what I mean:

"The heart to a garden compare,

Let culture be thorough indeed.

Plant naught but the beautiful there—

The choicest and purest of seed.

So early and earnest begin

All holy endeavor employ,

For soon will the briars of sin

The seed of the Spirit destroy.

Be thorough; in culture, be true;

Slack not while a weed there remains:

The soil needs the light and the dew,

The heart needs the sunshine and rains.

Be constant; remember in tears

The promise of reaping is given.

Toil on yet a few fleeting years,

Then sing of the harvest in heaven."

The boys listened in silence, then Gertie asked thoughtfully, "Then if I plant flowers in my heart garden, mother, I'll have flowers in heaven, won't I?"

"Yes darling, and we must always pull up the briars and weeds."

"I know what I'll do" said Robert valiantly, "I'll just pretend all the weeds in my garden are bad giants, and I'll mow them down with a hoe instead of a sword, and conquer the enemy as I go."

"And all the time we must watch out for the weeds in our hearts," added Henry. "I don't think I ever thought about it just in that way, mother."

So beautiful and valuable lessons were taught by means of the little patches of land they called their gardens.

One day a box came to Gertie from her grandmother, who still cultivated her flowers in her country home. Among the plants which she sent in the box were some wrapped carefully by themselves, and on one of them was a tiny blue flower, "as blue as Gertie's eyes," her father said.

"They are forget-me-nots," her mother told the delighted little girl. Mother always had a great many of them in her garden. She told me a story she read about them when I was a little girl like you. When I get time I'll tell it to you, perhaps while we plant them in your garden when the sun has gone down."

So Gertie heard the story, and when it was finished she said, "I'll call the corner where we have planted them,

'God's corner,' I think, and every one I pick excepting some for you, mother, I'll give to some poor sick person, so they will know He hasn't forgotten them, and so they won't forget about Him."

And now the forget-me-nots are planted, it is time to make you acquainted with the poor sick lady and Esther Olsen, and we mustn't forget Dr. Wright, because it was through him that Gertie got acquainted with both of the others. Dr. Wright lived just above the Lanes in a nice little bungalow. There was a green hedge around the lot and a beautiful lawn and shade trees, but not many flowers and not a sign of a vegetable garden.

When the Lanes' vegetables were ready for use they found that owing to the faithfulness of the boys there were more than they could use and the doctor bargained with them for enough for his own family of every kind they had. The boys were delighted and worked harder than ever, for the money was welcome.

"Say, Bob," said Henry, "let's save up every nickel we get and help father make that last payment in the fall, if mother's willing."

"All right," said Robert; "wouldn't it be great?"

"Let's pretend we're going to buy a bicycle," said Henry, "and then surprise him."

But we must go back to the poor sick lady. She had been to the big hospital for a long time, but at last Dr. Wright had taken her to the home of Esther Olsen. He took a number of the patients to Esther when they were able to leave the hospital, and had no home near enough to go to, because he knew she would take the very best care of them.

Gertie, with her sunny smile and blue eyes, was a great favorite with Dr. Wright, who always called her "Sunshine," and often took her for a short ride when he passed the house in his automobile.

One day when the forget-me-nots

were at their best the kind doctor came from the home of Esther Olsen with a troubled face.

The poor sick lady seemed to get no better and she had no friends in the city to visit and cheer her. Worse than that, she had received a letter telling her that her only son had been killed in action in France, and this morning she had told Dr. Wright it would have been better if he had let her die. The poor lady was very weak and lonely or she would not have talked like that, and instead of crying she just sat in Esther Olsen's big rocking chair and stared at "nothing in particular," as Esther said.

Dr. Wright was afraid she would never get better unless they could interest her in something, so no wonder he was troubled. His face brightened as he saw Gertie with her tiny trowel, digging in the flower garden, and he went in.

"Well, Sunshine," he said, "how is the garden?"

Gertie dropped her trowel and pushed the curls from her flushed face. "Just look!" she said. "They are blue as blue. Don't you just love forget-me-nots?" She picked a tiny spray and gave it to him shyly. "I don't give them to anyone except they are sick," she said; "I'm going to take some to Mrs. James this evening. You see I call this corner, 'God's corner,' and He wants us to visit the sick, mother says. She told me a story that her mother told her years and years ago. Would you like to hear it?"

"Indeed I would, Sunshine." So she told him the story about the forget-me-nots.

"Don't you like the story?" she asked, for her friend seemed to be thinking of something else.

"Little Sunshine," said Dr. Wright, "it is a lovely story. Would you like to pick some of the forget-me-nots for my poor sick lady, and will you go with me to see her and tell the story just as you told it to me?"

In the blue eyes shone a wonderful

light. "I'll ask mother," she said, and in a few moments she came back and cut a bunch of the very best sprays.

Dr. Wright talked with Mrs. Lane, who promised to call on the patient herself the next day.

Soon Gertie was at Esther Olsen's home, and opening the door of the room where the sick lady sat in the big rocker, the doctor said, "I've brought you a ray of sunshine, Mrs. Dexter." Then gently pushing Gertie in and whispering to her that he would come for her soon, he went out to Esther's kitchen. "If that dear child can't wake her up," he said, gruffly, "a cannon couldn't."

The sick lady was so still the little girl wondered if she might be asleep. She felt like running out of the room. Then a feeling of pity made her reach out and touch the hand of the poor sick lady, who opened her eyes and stared at her small visitor. When she saw the flowers, she reached out her hand for them.

"Forget-me-nots!" she said. "Where did they come from, and who are you, child?"

"They came from God's corner," said Gertie, shyly, "and He sent them with a message to you."

"What do you mean?" ask the lady in quivering voice. "Who sent you here? and what message do you bring?"

Gertie drew a long breath. She was a little frightened. "Dr. Wright brought me," she said, "but I guess God sent me, and the message He sent is 'Forget me not,' like the story says, you know."

"What story?" asked the lady, and Esther Olsen, who had come to the door went back to Dr. Wright.

"As sure as you live," she told him, "that blessed child is making her talk. I heard her ask, 'What story?'"

Dr. Wright bowed his head. "Just as if he were in church," thought Esther, and waited silently.

Meanwhile Gertie was explaining

to the sick lady: "You see, mother's mother told her the story long ago, and when I had a garden of my own grandmother sent me the forget-me-nots and it made mother think of the story. She told it to me while we planted them, and so I called the corner we put them in 'God's corner,' and promised Him I'd give them to the sick people who needed to remember him, and when I told Dr. Wright about it he said you were one who needed them dreadfully, and brought me here to tell you the story and give them to you." Then she told the story and this is what she said:

"There grew in the garden of the angels some lovely flowers white as the whitest snow. They bloomed in delicate clusters and the angels loved them. One day the Father was troubled; his people on earth whom He loved were forgetting Him. He said, 'I must send a message to them; whom shall I choose for my messenger?' He looked at the angels standing among the little flowers and said, 'These flowers shall be my messengers. Take them down to the earth, and whisper to my children. 'Forget-me-not!'" So the angels took the flowers down to the earth, and as they passed through the sky the flowers took on a delicate shade of blue, and touching the clouds of rose and gold some showed a slight tint of red and yellow. A few which were underneath the rest stayed pure white, and so they are to this day; and to this day they are called by the name the Father called them, forget-me-nots."

When the sweet voice ceased the sick lady suddenly drew the child to her. "God bless you, dear little comforter," she sobbed.

"I had almost forgotten Him. He seemed so far away I am afraid I doubted His love. I will try to remember that He still is my Friend."

"You have us, too," said Gertie, sweetly. "Mother is coming to see you, and she is so good I know you will feel better. She always cheers us

up if we are sick, and there is the baby, too, and father and the boys." Then she told about the gardens, and the last payment.

When Esther Olsen came to tell the little girl the doctor was waiting for her, she found the two chatting like old friends.

"You have done me a world of good," Mrs. Dexter said, as she kissed her goodbye. "You must come again, soon."

Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Dexter became good friends and after a time they made room for her in their home. "I need to be where I shall not feel my loss so keenly," she said to Mrs. Lane, "among growing boys and vegetables, and close to 'God's corner,' and His little 'messengers.'"

By the help of the money she paid for her board and room and that saved by the boys, it looks as if the last payment will be made.

But better far than the money are the lessons the children are learning, to give willing service and to do kind deeds to those who are less fortunate than themselves.

On Toads

"Many stories are extant tending to show that toads have been found alive in rocks or in soil deep in the earth; yet so far as investigated by the writer in no case has the evidence been at all conclusive," says A. H. Kirkland in an article on "The Garden Toad" in "Boys' Life" for August. "On the other hand, experiments have shown that toads may be kept alive at least eighteen months, sealed up in plaster or limestone. There is little doubt that the toad may live to be twenty years old, or more.

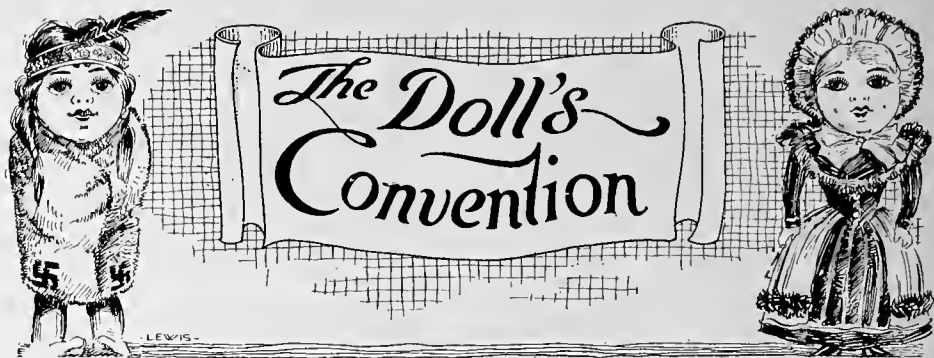
"Though it lives alone in summer, toads often hibernate in colonies of half a dozen or more. In feeding, usually by night, the toad patrols a fairly well-defined beat; garden and flower

beds are frequented, and particularly the ground under arc lights, where numerous insects fall fluttering from the lamps above. When food is abundant, as shown by experiments on toads in cages, the animal eats an equivalent of four square meals daily, consisting of caterpillars, cut-worms, beetles, ants, etc."

Bees Without Stings

B hopeful, B cheerful, B happy, Be kind,
 B busy of body, B modest of mind,
 B earnest, B truthful, B firm, and B fair,
 Of all Miss B havior Be sure to Be ware.
 Be think, ere you stumble, of what may Be fall;
 B true to yourself and B faithful to all.
 B brave to B ware of the sins that B set;
 B sure that one sin will another B get.
 B just and B generous, B honest, B wise,
 B mindful of time, and B certain it flies,
 B prudent, B liberal, of order B fond,
 B uy less than you need and B fore B uying B yond.
 B careful, but yet B the first to B stow;.
 B temperate, B steadfast, to anger B slow;
 B thoughtful, B thankful, whate'er may B tide;
 B just and B joyful, B cleanly B side.
 B pleasant, B patient, B gentle to all,
 B best if you can, but B humble withal;
 B prompt and B dutiful, still B polite,
 B reverent, B quiet, B sure and B right;
 B calm, B retiring, B ne'er led astray,
 B grateful, B cautious of those who B tray;
 B tender, B loving, B good, and B nign;
 Be loved thou shalt B, and all else shall B thine.

Bible Society Gleanings.



Story by Annie Lynch; pictures from dolls furnished by Harold H. Jenson.

VI. UNDER SUNNY SKIES

When Leonie, the Belgian doll, finished her story, the Italian doll Rosa stepped forward. Rosa had large, expressive brown eyes and the blackest of hair, and she was becomingly dressed in a red dress and an apron of varied colors of yellow, red, white and blue, with white shoulder straps. She wore a white head dress artistically draped to hang down her back and she carried in her hand the national flag with its stripes of red, white and green.

Turning to the children she said: "While Leonie was telling us of her home life and customs of the Belgians, I thought how different were many of our customs. For instance, we haven't the picturesque milk girls like they have in Belgium. In sunny Italy there is no danger of watered milk. Children, did you know that in Italy the cow is brought to the kitchen door and the pure milk is milked into the milk pan? Frequently the calf is brought along with his mother, but tied to a short rope so that he can't reach his dinner. The cow is too clumsy to climb the stairs, so the milking for the entire apartments is done in the court yard. Goat milk is also used and as goats are good climbers, they are taken up the several flights of stairs and milked at each kitchen door.

"Rome is a very old city, founded

753 years before Christ, and we have many feasts and church holidays. Christmas begins on Christmas eve with the ringing of hundreds of bells. All of the churches are gaily decorated, the pillars wound with red cloth and wax candles lend a festive air. The altar is bright with a profusion of flowers and lighted with candles in tall silver candlesticks. At midnight the pealing of bells calls the people to mass where special music is a feature of the service. The children recite or make little speeches to the Christ child. On Christmas day the priests carry sacrament to the sick and feeble and young and old exchange presents. The servants of your friends call and each one expects a present. Instead of jolly Santa Claus, the Italian children have 'Bijana,' a tall, dark woman, ugly and rather terrible. She is supposed to come down the chimney, leaving presents for good children, and bags of ashes for bad ones.

The world celebrated Florentine Feasts are "The Feasts of the Dove" and "Burning of the Car."

"On easter eve a car is set aflame by a dove and if the burning is successful and goes 'off with a vim' it portends a bountiful, prosperous year. If the fire sputters and goes out, it is a sign of poor crops or misfortune the coming year. The car is a huge wooden affair, gaily 'festooned' with ribbons in the national colors, red

white and green, and is drawn by four oxen, as white as snow, whose horns are tipped with gold. The procession stops before the cathedral where an expectant crowd has gathered and is silently waiting the coming of the dove and the burning of the car. The dove is an artificial one with a light in its mouth. At a given signal it starts from the top of the cathedral, slides along the wire to the car, sets the car on fire, and turns and goes back. At this, the enthusiasm of the people breaks loose, cheering is heard on every side, and the streets are bright with the blazing of fire works.

"In some parts of Italy the peasants work hard to raise grain for their food. Such tiny grain plots, propped up by solid stone walls to keep the precious soil from washing down. In the higher Apennines, wheat and potatoes refuse to grow and the chestnut bread is the staff of life. You can walk for miles and miles through acres of these beautiful trees that evenly cover the hills. In the midst of these trees are crude stone huts.

"The gathering of the nuts in November is the signal for a general stir among the mountaineers. It is their 'harvest home' when young and old turn out and with singing and merry making thresh the trees and pick up the nuts. The afternoons are short and the sun sets by five o'clock, when all hurry home to a holiday dinner. To these poor peasants, a dish of potatoes, or cabbage with cheese and olive oil is a treat.

"The loft over the kitchen has a floor of close slats and there the chestnuts are piled. A fire is made on the stone floor below and the doors and windows closed until the nuts are thoroughly dried, when they are sent to the mill and ground into flour. In the large cities, the corner chestnut vendor is the delight of the school children.

"Children, do you know where



Rosa, the Italian Doll.



Rosa, the Italian Doll
For You to Color

Italy is? Look on your map of Europe and find the country that resembles a boot. That is Italy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Betty's Back Yard

"But I get so tired playing in our own back yard—such a little bit of a place!" Betty, just getting over whooping-cough, looked very cross as she said this. "There isn't anything to enjoy here!"

"Why, Betty," mother said, "how about your sand pile?"

"Oh, I'm so tired of that! And, anyway, it's no fun to make pies when you haven't anybody to play with!"

"Well, well!" said Aunt Lettice. "I think it's about time I introduced you to a friend of mine that I brought with me from the North—I think this friend will make you change your mind about your back yard."

"What friend?" Betty's tone was curious.

"Oh, a friend up in my room, a friend that has taught me a great deal and kept me entertained all summer long."

"Oh, auntie, tell me quick what you mean!"

"My microscope," laughed Aunt Lettice. "I took it out of my trunk only an hour ago, and now I'm going to run into your despised back yard a minute. You mustn't watch me, or even peep to see what I'm doing."

So Betty, with a very pleased look on her little face, waited till Aunt Lettice returned in about five minutes, with an invitation to Betty to "come upstairs and see what you'll see."

She looked with great interest at Aunt Lettice's microscope—a beautiful, tall, shiny one.

"Look, Betty," said her aunt; "this is a few grains of sand from your sand pile—magnified about a hundred times."

"Oh, oh!" cried Betty. "Why, it's made of beautiful, big stones, isn't it? At least, they look big now—and they're all kinds of pretty colors. Some of them are like rubies and emeralds, and some of them you can almost look through. Just to think of that being that fine, fine sand!"

"Now we'll take a look at a fly's foot," said Aunt Lettice. "I brought in a dead fly from the yard too. See, Betty, I'll put this tiny bit under the microscope, and you'll see why he is able to walk over the ceiling as he does."

Sure enough, the microscope showed that tiny foot to contain cushiony sucking pads by means of which the fly is able to attach himself to wall or ceiling. The fly's leg was seen to be strong and muscular and covered with black hairs and spurs, and what an odd mouth and tongue he had, too, made up of sucking and biting parts.

"Here's something pretty," said Aunt Lettice. "What do you think this is?"

"Oh, is it a lily—a pink lily?" asked Betty.

"It's a tiny clover blossom—one of the hundreds that are massed together to make up a red clover. Yes, it does look like a beautiful lily, doesn't it?"

"Then, a clover head is really a whole beautiful garden of flowers, isn't it?" asked Betty, in a surprised voice.

"Yes, and so is a dandelion. What we call a dandelion blossom is really a mass of golden flowers. Here is one of them."

"Why, it's as pretty as mother's gladiolus, isn't it?" said Betty, after a long look.

"Here is some pollen from a hollyhock flower. That is the dust from the center that rubs off on your fingers."

"Why, they look like Christmas-tree ornaments, they're so pretty—so

round, and with those queer little prickles all over them! Just to think of that being the dust that rubs off!"

"Yes, it's a very wonderful thing, and different flowers have different shapes and colors of pollen. We could spend hours just studying the many lovely kinds. This is a marvelous world, Betty, even the back yard of it."

"Oh, my, yes," said Betty, solemnly.—*Congregationalist*.

August

Of all the year I think that I
Like hot old August best.
One reason is, it doesn't take
So long to get me drest.

There ain't no shoes and pesky socks
With garters hangin' on;
There ain't a lot of under-duds
To get mixed up and wrong.

You just hop into some old shirt
That's neither clean nor new,
And slip a pair of brownies on,
No matter what you do.

They ain't a yellin' "Don't do that!
You'll ruin them good clothes!"
They'll let you play in mud and dirt,
And sprinkle with the hose.

And August is the time to swim,
Down where the creek is still;
And go a chasin' butterflies,
And watch the whippertwill;

And hunt for nuts and agate stones;
And break just every rule.
I like the month of August best,
'Cause next month it is school.

E. C.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—Edward Everett Hale.

How the Rabbit Lost His Tail

By *Elsie Spicer Eells*

[As told in Brazil]

Once upon a time, ages and ages ago, the rabbit had a long tail. In those days the cat had no tail and she looked with envious eyes at the long, beautiful one which the rabbit had. It was just exactly such a one as she wished she had for herself.

Then, as now, the rabbit was a thoughtless, careless little beast. One day he went to sleep with his long, beautiful tail hanging straight out behind him. Along came Mistress Puss with her sharp, sly, spying eyes. "It would be just the easiest thing in the world," she said to herself, "to cut off Mr. Rabbit's tail while he lies there asleep, and sew it onto myself." She ran as fast as she could to get her sharp, sharp knife.

One blow of the sharp, sharp knife, and off came Mr. Rabbit's tail before he woke up enough to know exactly what had happened to him. Mistress Puss was very spry and she had the tail nearly sewed on to her own body before Mr. Rabbit saw what she was doing. "I do believe that is my tail," said he; that was the first of his missing it.

"Don't you think it looks better on me than it did on you?" asked Mistress Puss.

"It surely is very becoming to you," replied the generous, unselfish rabbit.

"It was a little too long for me, anyway, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you keep it if you will give me your sharp, sharp knife in exchange for it."

Mistress Puss gave the rabbit the knife. He started out into the deep forest with it in his mouth. "I've lost my tail, but I've gained a knife," said he, over and over again to himself. "I'll get me a new tail or something else just as good."

Mr. Rabbit hopped along through the forest for a long time and at last he came to a little old man busily engaged in making baskets. He was making the baskets out of rushes and he was biting them off with his teeth. He looked up and spied the rabbit hopping along with the sharp, sharp knife in his mouth. "Oh, please, Mr. Rabbit," said he, "will you not be so kind as to let me borrow your knife? It is very hard work to bite off the rushes with my teeth."

The rabbit let him take the knife. The little old man started to cut off the rushes with it, when, snap! went the knife! It was broken into halves.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried the rabbit. "What shall I do! what shall I do! You have broken my nice new knife!"

The old man said that he was very



ALONG CAME MISTRESS PUSS.

sorry and that he did not mean to do it. "I'll forgive you for breaking my sharp, sharp knife," said the rabbit, "but I think you ought to give me one of your baskets to pay for losing it."

The little old man gave the rabbit one of his nicest baskets and the rabbit started on through the deep

forest with it. "I'll forgive you," said the rabbit, "but I think you ought to give me some of your lettuce to pay for losing such a nice basket."

The old woman gave the rabbit some of her very best lettuce. He hopped along with it, saying over and over again, "I lost my tail, but I gained a knife. I lost my knife,



SNAP! WENT THE KNIFE

forest with it. "I lost my tail, but I gained a knife; I lost my knife, but I gained a basket," said he over and over again.

The rabbit hopped along through the deep forest for a long time. At last he came to a clearing. Here there was an old woman busily engaged in picking lettuce. When she had gathered it, she put it into her apron. Soon she looked up and spied the rabbit hopping along with his basket. "Oh, please, Mr. Rabbit," said she, "will you not be so kind as to let me borrow your nice basket?"

The rabbit handed her his basket. Just as soon as she began to put lettuce into it, down fell the bottom out of the basket. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried the rabbit. "What shall I do! what shall I do! You have broken the bottom out of my nice new basket!" The old woman said that she was very sorry and that she did not

mean to do it. "I'll forgive you," said the rabbit, "but I think you ought to give me some of your lettuce to pay for losing such a nice basket." The rabbit was getting very hungry by this time. How good the lettuce smelled! First he took a tiny, tiny nibble. Then he took a good bite. It was just the very best thing he had ever tasted in all his life. "I don't care if I did lose my tail, and then my knife, and then my basket," said he. "Now I've found the very best thing of all. I like it the best of anything I ever had."

From that day to this, there has never been a rabbit who had a nice long tail and there has never been a rabbit who cared at all about having one. From that time to this, there has never been a rabbit who did not like to eat lettuce and who was not perfectly happy and contented if he only had plenty of it.

From that day to this, most cats have had tails. There are only a few now who have no tails. We call

these Manx cats. If your Pussy could only come out of the Land of Silence and talk to you, she would tell you that all cat mothers tell this story to their cat babies. It was because the rabbit was sleeping with his tail hanging carelessly out behind

him, you remember, that the sharp, sharp knife cut it off. All well brought up cats are taught to curl their tails carefully about them when they go to sleep. Sometimes they forget, but I don't believe that your Pussy is such a badly brought up cat that she does.

"Daddy"

A True Incident in the Great War

He came to us from Heaven-alone-knows-where. I caught sight of him one morning in the center of a squad of "rookies." Towards evening he was thrust into our billet. In less than an hour the whole bunch of us were in possession of the one overwhelming fact in his family history which made the Great Push and the Final Toppling-over shrivel into minute proportions by contrast. "I've got a little boy at home, mates." That is why we christened him "Daddy!"

"Daddy" came into prominence at a lightning dress parade and had turned out for instruction in trousers which fitted where they touched, and a tunic that bulged out in parts like the rounded edge of a jig-saw puzzle. As a matter of fact, the garments in question were padded by numerous pieces of wood which "Daddy" had commenced to carve into the shape of animals and which he had kept on his person for safety. "Fall out, man!" roared the irate Inspection Officer; 'd'ye hear—fall out. Take him away, Corporal. The man's a walking Ark with a wooden Zoo." "Beg pardon, sir," grinned "Daddy." "I made 'em myself, sir, for him—my little boy, sir, at home."

A month or two later we crossed over to Flanders, and here the Padre took up the story. "Rum sort of cove, old 'Daddy.'" "I saw him today standing on a heap of ruins where once a church had stood. He held a piece of stained glass in his hand, and on it was the face of a cherub. When I came up he handed it to me with a rare smile, 'Just like my little boy, sir,' he said—'my little boy, sir, at home.

Seems to think something about that nipper of his, eh?" * * * *

It happened one sunny morning last June, when the birds were piping their hardest and the scent of the flowers round our old dugout brought a whiff of Blighty's banks and hedgerows to the lads gathering for the "push," that I caught sight of "Daddy" coming up the trench with a piece of crumpled paper in his clenched fist. What a look of pain there was in the man's eyes! He never spoke as he passed us, but Corporal G——, who has the knack of sensing things the rest of us often miss, muttered softly: "Something's up with that 'kid' of his, mates. You an' me, we've just got to stand by."

We were up and over the parapet at daybreak. "Daddy" was amongst the first away, and the Boches gave him no chance. An hour later the stretcher-bearers picked him up and brought him into the dressing-station. The doctor gave him one look, that's all. "Your patient, Padre, not mine," he whispered to the young chaplain who stood at his side. But "Daddy" heard him.

"Is it as bad as that, sir?" he gasped. "I'm sorry, old man; I'm afraid it is but there, you will soon be Home," whispered the young Padre, gently. At the sound of that last word the tired, broken soldier opened his eyes slowly, and murmured very softly: "Home, sir, did you say 'Home'? Thank God! I've got a little boy—a—little—boy—at—Home."—W. H. N. (B. E. F.), in the "Westminster Gazette."

The Children's Budget Box

Geraldine

I know the sweetest little girl,
With eyes so blue and hair in curl.
She always wears a smile on her face,
With sweetness, beauty and gentle
grace.

She is but a baby of two years old—
Clever, merry, brave and bold.
Of all the cute things she says and
does—

She can move as quick as a bee can
buzz.

I was the first she could call by name.
And Geraldine Gugenheim is her
name.

Alta Mallory,
Shelley, Idaho

Age 13.



MOTHER AND BABY SISTER

Photo by Edna Turner,
Age 15 Bluff Dale, Utah.

Dixie's June

'Tis June with all its splendor,
Green with tints so gay.
Some think that all the beauty
Cannot come right after May;

But down in dear old Dixie—
In the south of the Pioneers' State,
We have the early wonders
Which in other places come late.

We've had the fruit and berries
And apricots so rare,
And those grandest of spring flowers,
Are blooming everywhere.

We have the grandest birds
That sing the gayest notes
The kind that send up warbles
From that music box in their
throats.

Oh! we have the wondrous weather
That you don't find everywhere,
And of glorious moonlight nights
I guess Dixie has her share.

Ida Seegmiller,
Age 13 St. George, Utan.

Dick's Fourth

"Say, let's give little Dick a regular
Fourth of July. He can't walk and
hasn't any money to get a wheelchair.
Who's game?" queried Jack.

"I am," rang out five voices. "Let
Bob make something to carry him in.
Bob's a dandy carpenter," piped Phil.

"All right. Everyone meet here
Thursday at five o'clock. We'll have
our plans ready then," commanded
Jack.

Thursday found the boys very en-
thusiastic. "That's a classy chair," Bill
was saying. "Let's all be down at
Dick's in the morning at nine."

"Then we'll take him to see the pa-
rade. Say, I am also going to have a

regular Fourth. I'll enjoy it as much as Dick. I can hardly wait till tomorrow," chimed Phil.

"Say, boys, those are my sentiments, too," spoke up Fred. "Last year I had a dollar to spend; this year I've got a dollar but I am going to give Dick half. Oh, say, I'm just tickled to death over our plans. What makes us so happy?"

"I know," said Phil, "it's because we are sharing our fun. We are going to give. That is what makes us so happy."

Friday found Dick the happiest boy in the world.

Emma Snow,
Age 14 487 N. 3rd East,
Provo, Utah

The Juvenile Puzzle

I sat by the window with brother

As soon as the JUVENILE came,
We both thought we'd solve the puzzle
Which would bring to both of us
fame.

At first my brother guessed *razor*,

Which gave to us very much joy,

And next he guessed *nutcracker*,

Which I thought was very good for
a boy.

I studied for about five minues,

When *sashweights* became clear to
me.

Every minute it grew more interest-
ing,

As *lantern* I did plainly see.

I thought of the pleasure it gave me

And how opportunity did knock.

When my brain deciphered *pully*,

And, the next, the sixth one, *clock*.

The second one puzzled me greatly.

What it was I hardly could tell,

When *doorsprings* suddenly came to
me.

So I think I have done pretty well.

Maxine Phelps,
Age 10 Meza, Arizona.

Our Blue Birds

Early this spring two little blue-birds came to live in a little house we made for them.

Just as soon as they began to build their nest some mean old sparrows came and took it away from them.

My little sisters and I tried to make them go away, but we couldn't. The blue birds and sparrows kept quarreling, so we made the blue-birds a new home quite a distance from the other one.

Just as soon as it was completed the blue-birds, seeming to know it was for them, made their nest in it at once.

It was great sport watching them make their nest. They seemed so happy all the time they were working hard. The nest was made mostly of quaking aspen bark.

One day the blue-bird had a stick in her beak to frame her nest. She went to go in the door, but it was really too small for such a long stick. The bird got on the end of her perch and made a run at the door and hurt her mouth, so she tugged and tugged till it went in.

The sparrows and blue-birds are now happily living in their separate homes.

Julia Orme,
Age 14. Squirrel, Idaho

A Happy Family

Dear Little Readers:

I am so happy tonight, I want to tell you about it. We are seven in our family—papa, mama, a big sister, a little brother, and little twin sisters, ten months old. Eda and Ina are their names. They are such good babies. I am happy to think we missed the "flu." So many little boys and girls lost their papas and mamas this winter. May the Lord bless them and make them happy again, is my constant prayer.

Your little friend,
Iola Hickman.
Age 8. Bicknell, Utah

Our Flag

Which month do I like the best?

July, of course,—that is the month
for me,
Because it brings the glorious Fourth,
Our Nation's birthday, you see.

And from every store and every house
The Red, White, and Blue floats
free,
The flag that stands for protection
On the land or afar on the sea.

And whenever I see those starry folds
I think of my brother brave,
Who, to guard and defend that precious flag,
Is sailing the ocean wave.

And I gazed at the flag with an added
pride,
Because of my brother, dear,
Who would give his life if the cause
arose
To keep that emblem clear.

And I thank the Lord that I have my
home

Where those starry folds float free,
And men are brave and women are
pure,
In the home of Liberty.

Margaret L. Dart,
Age 14. Spanish Fork, Utah

Attacked by Indians—Grandmother's Story

In early pioneer days, a man named Mads Neilson, his wife and two-year-old child, were taking a load of flour from Ephraim to Circleville, and were accompanied by an old man named Froyd.

As they were traveling along the Sevier River, some short distance from Circleville, they saw a band of Indians approaching from the hills. The old man, who was some distance ahead, was shot and killed.

Mads Neilson and his wife ran and jumped into the river among the wil-

lows and submerged in the water up to their necks, the man holding the gun above the water and the woman having the child in her arms.

Through the willows they saw the Indians take all the flour they could carry and destroy the remainder. They ripped open the feather beds and pillows, taking the ticking.

They destroyed the harness and, taking the pair of white horses, joined other Indians who had stolen the Circleville cow herd.

The family stood in the water for hours, afraid to venture out.

Relatives seeing his white horses in the Indians' possession, went to search for them and relieved them of their unpleasant position.

Letha Nelson,
Age 12. Rexburg, Idaho

The Hardware Puzzle

A *razor* is a useful thing.
In hardware stores it's found;
The next one is a *door-spring*.
If oiled it makes no sound.

Sashweights are round and long.
Their uses are quite plain:
If you should push the window up
It can't come down again.

An 'ant' on an 'L' with an 'urn' be-
side,
Makes *Lantern*, I am sure
While a *Nutcracker* cracks nuts
Without cracking them on the floor.

A *Clock* you'll find in every home
Across this land so wide.
For the people always want the time
Wherever they reside.

And now we come to the hardest one.
It puzzled me, I'll confess;
But at last I saw that to pull the "y."
Made *Pulley*, no more nor less.

Leslie Brewer
Age 12. R. F. D. No. 1,
Mesa, Arizona

The Juvenile

We have taken the Juvenile Instructor for four years.

I like to take it because I like to read the stories, and poems, put in by other children. I like to try to solve the puzzles, and read the names of those who get the prizes.

I like to go to the Post Office, and get the Juvenile, and when I go home I read the stories to my little sister. She always wants me to read about the Tenement Tree.

Fay Jennings,
Age 9 Taylor, Ariz.

A Pleasant Stroll

It was in the afternoon about three o'clock on a hazy Indian Summer day when some of my friends and I started to climb a mountain which is about two miles from my home. We followed a drag-road that marks the face of George Washington.

After scrambling a few rods up the rocky path we were very tired. When rested we continued until we reached the summit only stopping now and then to rest and gaze over the wonderful landscape around us.

We spread our lunch in the shade of a cedar tree and dined as royally as any monarch. Oh! what blissful joy to be next to Mother Nature's heart. We sat spellbound with rapture, watching the birds fly through the balmy air and the bees buzzing lazily among the flowers while the music of falling water could be heard in the distance.

We climbed to the top of a cliff and gazed upon the valley below. The golden fields of ripening grain waved in the breeze and the river wound like a great snake in the center.

The sun was setting, the horizon was brilliantly colored.

We reached home late, very tired, but happy.

Ida Howell,
Age 13 Malad,, Ida. R. F. D., No. 2.

Puzzle for June, 1919

SOLUTION

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Razor. | 4. Lantern. |
| 2. Door-spring. | 5. Nut-crackers. |
| 3. Sash weights. | 6. Clock. |
| | 7. Pulley. |

Winners

We only agreed to give prizes to the first ten who would correctly solve the puzzle, but have decided to make awards to nineteen, as follows:

Leslie Brewer, R. F. D. 1, Mesa, Ariz.
Margaret J. Dart, Spanish Fork, Utah.
Ruth M. Ellsworth 2545 N. Sawyer,
Chicago.

Inez Gibson, St. Thomas, Nev.
Ida Howell, R. F. D. No. 2, Malad,
Idaho.

Iola Hickman, Bicknell, Utah.
Fawnetta Jessop, Millville, Utah.
Alta Mallory Shelley, Idaho.
Letha Nelson, Rexburg, Idaho.
Julia Orme, Squirrel, Idaho.

Maxine Phelps, Mesa, Ariz.
Alta Parish, Elba, Idaho.
Warren Rollins, Kanosh, Utah.
Ida Seegmiller, St. George, Utah.
Leslie L. Sudweeks, Box 315, Kimber-
ly, Idaho.

Ruby J. Stone, Rigby, Idaho.
Emma Snow, 487 N. 3rd E., Provo.
Fay Jennings Taylor, Ariz.
Tessie Watts, Blackfoot, Idaho.

Honorable Mention

Virginia Burton, Storrs, Utah.
Mary Bailey, Howell, Utah.
Lillian Cox, Woodruff, Utah.
Anona Cluff, Miami, Arizona.
Vera Ellison, Burlington, Wyo.
Lodema E. Fleeman, Liberty, Utah.
Carol Hale, Afton, Wyo.
Ralph Johnson, Rexburg, Idaho.
Gretchen Jobe, Bisbee, Arizona.
Ezra Jacobs, Grace, Idaho.
Marie Mangus, Penrose, Wyo.
Bernice Merrill, Bisbee, Arizona.
Louise Syme, Rock Springs, Wyo.
Lucille Vawdrey, Draper, Utah.
Wilma Whitney, Ridgedale, Ida.

ASSORTED PUZZLE

BY WALTER WELLMAN

1-2 IS TO PULL ALONG. 3-4 IS PAIN.
5-6 IS A PART OF SPEECH. 7-8. AN ISLAND. 9-10 IS A BLEMISH.

1-2 IS THE BOW OF A SHIP.
3-4 IS A STATE. 5-6 IS ILL-NATURED. 7-8 IS A BLEND OR CURVE. 9-10 IS A CITY IN PA. 1-9 AND 2-10 ARE COUNTIES IN UTAH.

1			2
3			4
5			6
7			8
9			10

1			2
3			4
5			6
7			8
9			10

1-2 IS A SIGNAL LIGHT. 3-4 IS UNTILLED LAND. 5-6 IS USED FOR HORSES. 7-8 IS A WONDER. 9-10 IS TO TRADE. 11-12 IS PART OF A VOLCANO. 1-12 AND 11-2 ARE COUNTIES IN UTAH.

1-2 IS FRIGHT. 3-4 IS COMPELLED. 5-6 IS SELECT. 7-8 IS STRICT. 9-10 IS A ROD USED TO PUNISH. 11-12 IS NOT DENSE. 1-12 AND 11-2 ARE COUNTIES IN UTAH.

1				2
3				4
5				6
7				8
9				10
11				12

1				2
3				4
5				6
7				8
9				10
11				12

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT OR DOWNWARDS. HOW MANY BIRDS' NAMES CAN YOU FIND?

I SEE THIRTY SEVEN, BUT THERE QUITE A FEW MORE.

C	W	O	O	D	P	E	C	K	E	R	J	A	Y	F	I	N	C	H	A
O	H	B	R	U	C	A	W	K	D	E	S	T	O	R	K	C	O	O	T
N	A	E	I	C	F	G	O	O	S	E	G	S	W	A	L	L	O	W	H
D	W	I	O	K	J	L	O	R	Y	D	N	K	I	B	I	S	K	L	C
O	K	P	L	O	V	E	R	O	N	B	U	Z	A	R	D	O	M	A	
R	A	V	E	N	O	C	P	O	B	I	T	T	E	R	N	Q	O	P	N
Q	L	A	R	K	S	R	V	K	U	R	H	E	T	B	S	H	R	I	A
U	R	O	B	I	N	A	W	X	Y	D	A	Z	E	G	A	K	E	F	
A	B	U	N	T	I	N	G	B	C	D	T	L	E	T	T	U	R	K	E
I	S	W	A	N	T	P	E	T	R	E	L	C	R	O	W	L	P	F	O
L	N	M	L	H	E	R	O	N	K	C	H	A	T	J	L	V	I	N	H










Prizes of books will be given to the first ten of those under 17 who correctly solve the above puzzle and send us, not later than September 1st, the best article of not to exceed two hundred words, or poem of not to exceed


twenty lines on any subject. Address Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, Room 202 L. D. S. Church Office Building, 47 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City.



The Tenement Tree.

VIII.













BROTHER RACCOON sat twanging his  one day, while his wife was washing. She was not washing clothes or giving the baby raccoons baths in their  but was washing the food for dinner. Raccoons are very particular about that. Brother Chipmunk came and listened to the banjo music. Mrs. Raccoon saw the  and asked him very politely to stay to dinner. "No, thank you," said the , who was very sly and saw that the Raccoons were not to have  or  or anything he liked to eat. "I just dropped in to ask you a question," he explained. Brother Raccoon stopped playing the  and said, "Well, ask away, my friend." Brother Chipmunk asked the first question that came into his mind. "Why is it?" he asked, "that raccoons have striped ?" "Why, bless your ,

 exclaimed Raccoon, "don't you know that?" Brother Chipmunk confessed that he did not. "Why, it is all printed in The Raccoon Family History by Professor Erastus

Raccoon. "I'll lend it to you," offered Brother Raccoon. "I never borrow  now," said the . "My children eat 'em up so!" "Well, I'll tell you



about it," said the . "The very first old  that ever lived had a fur much like mine, only it was all white. Some  found him asleep on a  and tied his  to the branch with vines. Before he woke up the woods got afire. When the  woke him he couldn't get away. The heat singed his hair, all but on the spots covered by the  and some wet  that had fallen upon him. When the  got brittle he broke them and leaped away. He sprang right into a hollow balm of Gilead  and the sap cured his blisters but when the hair grew out again, it grew black and brown in the spots where he was scorched. All his children had rings and streaks too. They say the tiger was tied and scorched in the same fire. I wonder who tied him!" "I'm sure it wasn't any of my family," said Brother Chipmunk, "We wouldn't hurt a poor old tiger, oh, never, never!"





THE FUNNY BONE

An Unusual Family

"How's that new cook I saw your dad taking home the other night?"

"By George! I think we're going to please her!"

It's the Truth That Hurts

An item is going the rounds of the Canadian press to the effect that a New York State paper is being sued because a comp made an obituary conclude "May he roast in peace!"—Fourth Estate.

The Simple Facts

While watching a crowd of negro drafters about to entrain for camp, an old darkey on the platform recognized a friend. "Howdy, Rastus," he called, "where you all gwine?"

"Ah ain't gwine," said Rastus, "they's takin' me."

Helpless

Two Irishmen met and fell into conversation on the street one day. It went something like this:

Reilly: "Pat was drowned yesterday."

Fitzpatrick: "Couldn't he swim?"

Reilly: "Yes, but he was a union man. He swam for eight hours and then quit."

Squeezed Dry

"Si Hubbard told me he got a heap of work out of you when you was workin' fer him," said the farmer.

"Wal, I allow he did," said the hired man.

"Yas. Fact is, I guess he just about got it all."—Boston Transcript.

A Necessary Evil

"Your father is an old crank," said the youth who had been told by her father that it was time to go.

Her father overheard the remark. "A crank is necessary in case of the lack of a self-starter," he retorted.—The Christian Herald.

A Long Wait

"Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography."

"No, mum; I heard Pa say the map of the world was changing every day, an' I thought I'd wait a few years till things got settled."

Couldn't Talk Back

A quack doctor was holding forth his medicines to a rural audience.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for 25 years, and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"

Voice in crowd: "That dead men tell no tales."

Sop Up Anything

Unable Seaman—"When I come around again the surgeon, he says to me, 'I'm blooming sorry, mate, I don't know what I was thinking about,' he says, 'but there's a sponge missin', and I believe it's sewed up inside yer! What's the odds,' I says, 'let it be.' And there it is to this day."

Gullible Old Gentleman—"Bless my soul! Don't it trouble you?"

Unable Seaman—"I don't feel no particular pain from it, but I do get most uncommonly thirsty at times, sir."

Quite a Gob

The old sea captain sat smoking comfortably by his fireside, when Jack, his sailor son, burst in upon him.

"Weather too rough," explained the son, "so we've put in for a day."

"Too rough!" exclaimed Mr. Tar, with visions of his own days on the briny. "Why, sir, I was once sailing around the Cape when a storm came on and it blew down the mainmast, and the mizzenmast was swept away but we didn't even think of putting in!"

"Well, you see," explained the son, "this storm was so bad it blew the anchors off the captain's buttons, took the paint off the ship's bow and—"

"Stop!" cried the old man. "You do me credit, Jack—you do me credit!"

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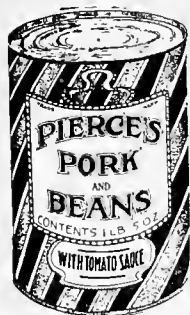
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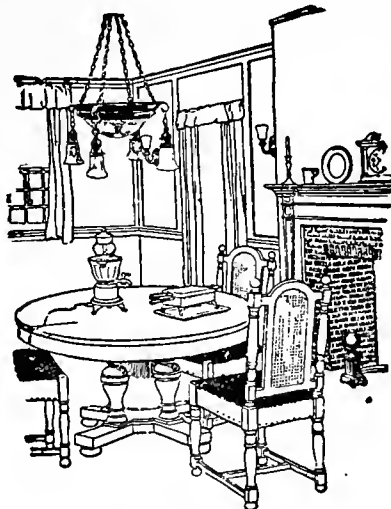
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